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HISTORIC HOMES AND LANDMARKS

THEIR SIGNIFICANCE AND PRESENT CONDITION

CHAPTER II

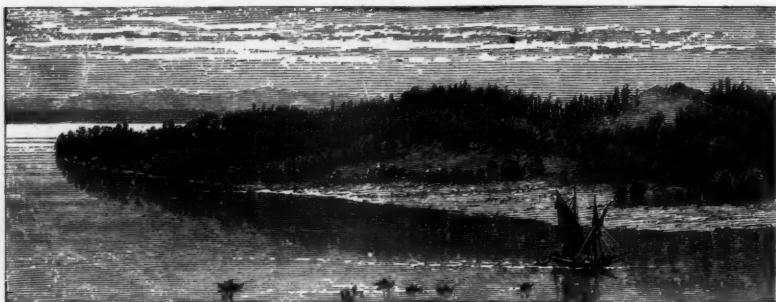
THE historic homes in the oldest portion of New York city—lower Broadway and the vicinity of the Battery—such as remain or have but recently surrendered their sites for the erection of massive structures, are associated with more picturesque and stirring events as well as fascinating romance than the public of the present are apt to suppose. Many of these were well along in years when Washington came to take the solemn oath of office, in 1789, with which he entered upon his eight years' service in organizing and conducting the untried government of a new nation, and were even then vastly interesting. How much more so at this writing, a hundred years later, just as the chief city on the continent is preparing to commemorate the grandest event in the world's annals, and to extend its hospitalities to the ends of the earth; when it is vigorously rummaging its archives, shaking the dust from unused tomes while making felicitous discoveries among the back leaves, and polishing up its rusty and sadly neglected memories.

The Battery and the Bowling Green are familiar names wherever the English language is spoken. But they are more easily found by the sight-seer on maps and in books than in their respective and exact localities. Our foreign visitors look for some monumental indications of their whereabouts, and wonder why Americans do not pay more respect to historic landmarks. The Swiss traveler, after sitting for an hour on one of the settees in the little circle with an iron railing known as the Bowling Green, watching the rushing, bustling throngs on business or pleasure bent—"the roads in the air" and along the great surface thoroughfare—suddenly sprang to his feet and addressed a passer-by:

"Vot you put your Liberty statue out in ze sea vor? Vy not stood it on ze very spot vare you vurst come to, vare you build your vurst Dutch vort, vare you vight ze Indian

savage, vare you vas beat by ze British with no vighting at all, vare you land your vine governors, vare you build your nize houses, vare you vire your big guns, vare you vurst does your commerce vith ze world, vare you stood your king's grand stature, vare you vorship it vith bon-vire and roast ox, vare you pull it down again and vire it vor liberty at ze king's own men in little bullets, vare you triumph over ze king and make ze country your very own, vare your congress valks up and down vor six years, vare you build ze vurst steamboat, and all ze ozer zings—I zay, vot vor you stood your Liberty statue out in ze sea, and have nottin at all on vis spot vare t'vould show you vhat it vas you vorget?"

There will doubtless be many among the multitude that promenade the grounds of the Battery a few weeks hence who will sympathize with our Swiss friend, and sigh for a sign, if not for the statue of Liberty or knowledge. If appearances are to be trusted New York is about to grap-



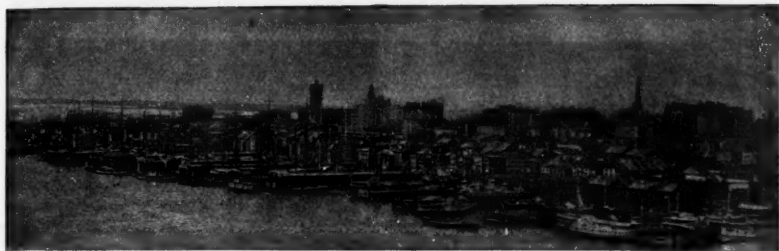
NEW YORK IN THE BEGINNING. THE SOUTHERN POINT.

ple with the boundless idea of consequences, to measure the century's growth of the country at large, and express this dependent continuity in a magnificent, speaking, and educating pageant in its streets on the 30th day of April next—such an one as was never before witnessed in America, rendering the impressive occasion memorable for all time. The points, therefore, which have received the largest legacies of historic riches during the two hundred and eighty years since the beginning of civilized life on Manhattan island, will be sought with freshly awakened interest by those who witness the spectacle.

The two views of the southern extremity of the city are worth more than a volume of wordy eloquence. They both come within three centuries. The first fort was a little block-house with red cedar palisades. The site chosen for it was the same as that now occupied by the steamship offices overlooking the Bowling Green, opposite the Field building. The edge of the water was much nearer to it than now, even in the Revolution,

as will be noticed in an old view upon another page. This little fortress grew from small beginnings into a very respectable citadel. It was revised and remodeled and built over almost as many times as there were new governors to command it during the first century and a half of its existence. When peace came to bless the country, it was allowed to fall into decay, and in 1789 was removed altogether for the erection of the house for the President, illustrated in the February issue of this magazine.

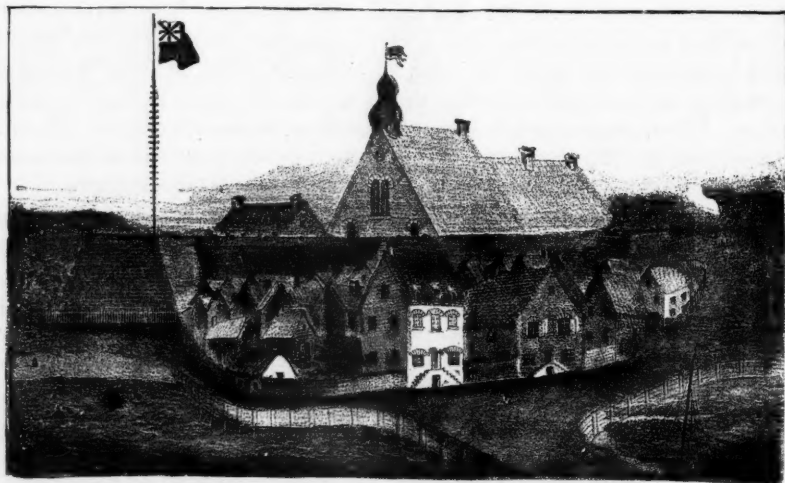
The fort was much more than a military landmark in its interest for the present generation—it was the historic home of all the early governors of the province. Peter Minuit who established it was the first to dwell in a thatched cottage within the inclosure, safe from the howling wolves and curious Indians. He was a man of adventurous spirit, middle-aged, gray-haired, with a dull black eye, large robust figure, and coarse manners. He



NEW YORK IN 1889. THE SOUTHERN POINT, FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

[From a recent photograph.]

is distinguished for having won the confidence of the savage inhabitants, and purchased Manhattan island from them in a very business-like fashion. His successor was Wouter van Twiller, who built a brick house in the fort and lived quite comfortably. Thus we can see progress from the start, although the steps were many and slow for numerous decades. Van Twiller was one of those inactive, good-natured, irresolute men, who without trying achieve fame. Thanks to the genius of Washington Irving his name is better known than that of any of his successors. Wilhelm Kieft succeeded him, and his twelve years of rulership were marked by bloody Indian wars, helplessness, and terror. The fort was the only place of security, and the people fled to it from every quarter. Just prior to the outbreak of savage hostilities—in 1642—Kieft aided in the building of a church inside the fort, on the front wall of which he placed a marble slab bearing his name. When the fort was finally demolished, this slab was discovered buried in the earth, and was removed to the belfry of the old



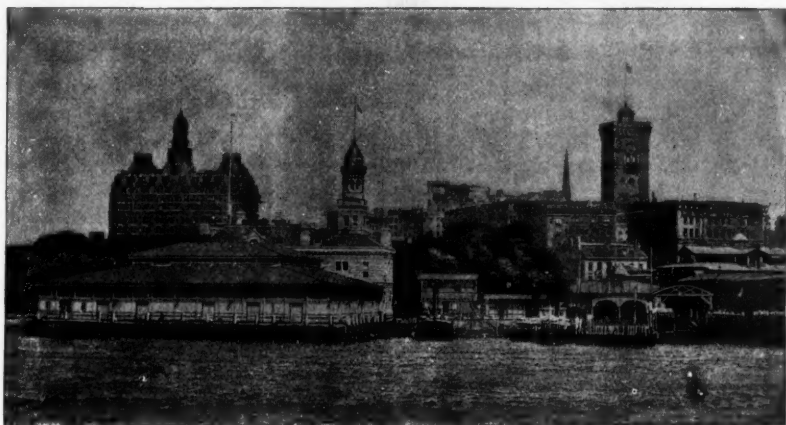
VIEW OF THE OLD FORT, THE CHURCH, AND NEIGHBORING HOUSES.

[From a rare antique drawing.]

Dutch church in Garden Street, where it was consumed in the great fire of 1835. Governor Stuyvesant, the most remarkable of the four Dutch governors, and his accomplished Huguenot wife took possession of the house in the fort in the spring of 1647. He was the son of a Holland clergyman, had received a military education, possessed great will power, marvelous energy and subtlety of discernment, and for seventeen years governed the colony like a veritable autocrat. The great distinguishing feature of his administration was the incorporation of the city in 1653, unless we may except the surrender of both city and province to the English in 1664. He left the impress of his sterling character upon the forming institutions of New York. His descendants are among our most eminent citizens of to-day, one of whom, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under President Grant, is president of the approaching centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington in 1789.

The procession of governors who were sent over from England included scions of some of the best families in the realm. Let us observe each one in passing. Colonel Richard Nicolls, in 1664, was the first, and he laughed a little at the fort with its feint of strength and its gable-roofed church, but he found the governor's house within it tolerably supplied with comforts. He was well-born and well-bred, could speak the Dutch and

French languages as well as his native tongue, and was accustomed to all the refinements and luxuries of court circles in the old world. He was about forty years of age, a little above medium height, with a fair, open face, a pleasing, magnetic gray eye somewhat deeply set, and hair slightly curled at the ends. In 1668, after four years' residence in the fort, he was succeeded by Sir Francis Lovelace, "a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman," writes Dr. George H. Moore, "who was himself a poet and an artist." He was a handsome, agreeable, polished man of the world—upright, generous, and amiable. One of the most important acts of his administration was the purchase of Staten Island from the Indian



VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE OLD FORT IN 1889.

[From a photograph.]

sachems; the surveyors who explored that property reported that it was "the commodiosest seate and richest land in America." The two Dutch admirals who recovered New York for the Dutch in 1673, made Governor Lovelace a prisoner and raised the three-colored ensign of the republic over the fort, spent very little time in it; but Anthony Colve, who was appointed by them to the chief command, took possession of and had a merry time in the governor's house; it is said that he gave more dinners and disposed of more wine than any of its former occupants. He was a short, stout, dark-complexioned Dutchman, of some military renown among his contemporaries. He amused himself with assuming princely airs, and guarding well the gates—for little New York was then a walled

city. Peace in Europe and the general restoration of conquests soon followed, and then came Sir Edmund Andros, "glittering in gold and lace," a gentleman who had been brought up in the king's household, of which his father was master of ceremonies. On the 10th of November,



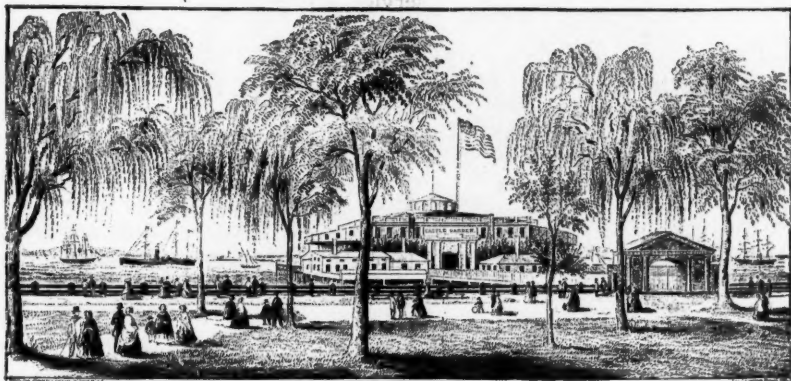
AN EARLY DUTCH WINDMILL.

1678, he took formal possession of the citadel, and one of the friendly incidents of the occasion was the presentation by Colve of his coach and three horses to Sir Edmund. The next day was the Sabbath, and it is recorded that the new governor attended divine service in the old church in the fort, as was his habit subsequently during his entire administration. He was recalled in 1681, and Lieutenant-Governor Anthony Brockholls commanded in his place. In 1683 Governor Thomas Dongan became the occupant of the governor's house, although he soon provided himself with another residence. In 1686 Andros was sent over to govern New England, which had been extended to embrace New York

where was stationed his lieutenant-governor, Francis Nicholson, whose abode was in the house in the fort. During the revolutionary months beginning with 1689, when Jacob Leisler was at the head of affairs, the fortress was the scene of many exciting events. Henry Sloughter, the newly appointed governor of William III., arrived at the fort on the 20th of March, 1691. He died suddenly on the 23d of July following, and Lieutenant-Governor Ingoldsby commanded until the arrival of Governor Fletcher in August, 1692. The latter indulged in the same style of living to which he had been accustomed in England. He refurnished the governor's house, his servants wore handsome livery, his wife and daughters dressed in the latest European fashions, he rolled through the streets in a carriage drawn by six horses, and he was never happier than when extending the hospitalities of his home and his table. He was devoutly religious and had the bell rung twice every day for prayers in his household. In his zeal for the good of the church he built a small chapel in the fort in 1693, and the queen sent plate, books, and other furniture for it. Little is known of its history, how-

ever, as it was burned with the other buildings in 1741. Fletcher was succeeded by the distinguished nobleman, Lord Bellomont, in 1698, whose three years' administration was more stirring, eventful, and remarkable in its consequences, than that of any other in the history of colonial New York. He died on the 5th of March, 1701, and was interred with appropriate ceremonies in the chapel in the fort. Prior to the erection of the President's house upon the site of the fort in 1789, his leaden coffin was tenderly removed to St. Paul's churchyard.

Lieutenant-Governor Nanfan governed until the arrival of Lord Cornbury, May 3d, 1702. The latter was the first cousin of Queen Anne, and heir to an earldom, with a handsome face very like that of the queen, and



CASTLE GARDEN IN 1852.

[From an old print.]

bland manners, but he was vain, arrogant, and weak, and earned a most unenviable reputation. He was succeeded in December, 1708, by John, Lord Lovelace, baron of Hurley, who was ill the entire winter, and died on the 6th of the following May. The next governor sent from England was Robert Hunter, a strong, active, cultivated man of middle age, with refined tastes, and a most genial and delightful companion. He was fond of men of letters, was a personal friend of Swift, Addison, Steele, and other distinguished literary characters of the period, and something of a poet himself. He married the lovely and accomplished Lady Hay, who accompanied him to New York, and was the bright particular star of his destiny. She drew about her a "court circle," in which the same etiquette and ceremony were observed as in the higher European coteries. Hunter

purchased a house in Amboy, which was his official residence while on his tours of duty in New Jersey, and to which he often retired in the heat of summer. One winter, at his home in the fort, he composed a farce, assisted by the clever and witty Lewis Morris, called "Androborus"—the

man-eater—in which the clergy, Nicholson, and the New York Assembly were so humorously exposed that it provoked universal merriment.

Following Hunter, in 1720, came Governor William Burnet, son of the celebrated Bishop Burnet. His advent was an occasion of special interest.

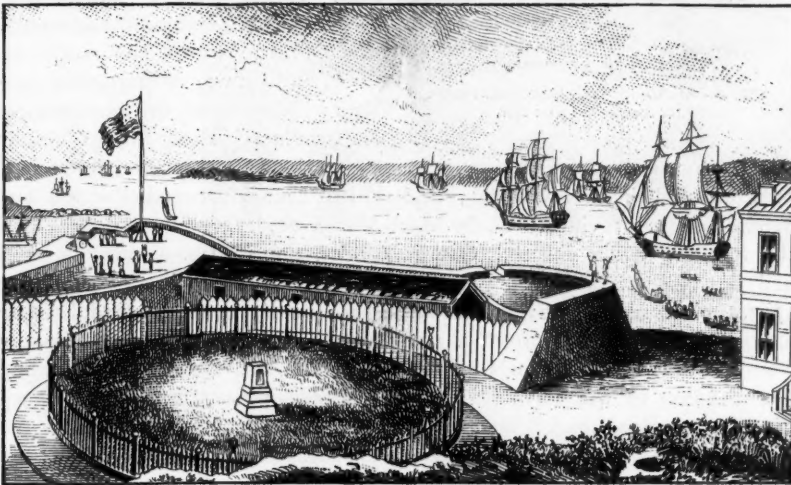


DESTRUCTION OF THE STATUE OF KING GEORGE III.

[This equestrian statue, by Willton, of London, was erected in the Bowling Green in 1770. It was pulled down on the evening of July 9, 1776, amid the ringing of bells and jubilant shouts of the multitude.]

The fort was dressed in its best, the military paraded in full uniform, the whole city was alive with banners, and the cannon spoke an uproarious welcome. He was a large, handsome man, of stately presence, affable and captivating. The ladies all proceeded to fall in love with him. He was a widower, and within a few months married the pretty daughter of Abraham Van Horne, one of his counselors. The fort henceforward was the scene of many festivities. Burnet bought Hunter's house in Amboy for a summer retreat, and spent a part of every year there until his removal in 1728 to the government of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. His successor in New York was Governor John Montgomery, fresh from the king's court, a soldier by profession, who knew something of diplomacy, but had very slight capacity for governing. He died suddenly on the 1st of July, 1731. Governor William Cosby, who was appointed in his place, and arrived in the summer of 1732, brought his wife and young lady

daughters with him, and they attracted great attention. Their house in the fort soon became the scene of brilliant entertainments, which brought together the beauty, wit, and culture of the capital. The young nobleman, Lord Augustus Fitzroy, son of the duke of Grafton, then lord chamberlain to the king, was for some weeks the guest of the governor and his family in their house in the fort. He was in love with one of the governor's daughters, but neither father nor mother dared consent to the marriage, for, according to the standard of society in England, the match was beneath him. The young people finally settled the question for



VIEW FROM THE BOWLING GREEN IN THE REVOLUTION.

[From an old print.]

themselves. A clergyman was adroitly assisted over the rear wall of the fort, and performed the ceremony in secret without a license. Another romantic wedding occurred within the fort a little later—Miss Grace Cosby, the second daughter of the governor, being united to Thomas Freeman. Three days after these nuptials the mayor of the city, the recorder, aldermen, assistants, and all the other city dignitaries, marched in a body to the gubernatorial residence in the fort, and in the most stately and formal manner congratulated the lovely Grace upon her marriage, and then said :

" This corporation being desirous upon all occasions to demonstrate the great deference they have and justly entertain for his excellency, William Cosby, and for his noble



THE GOLD BOX OF THE CORPORATION, CONTAINING
THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

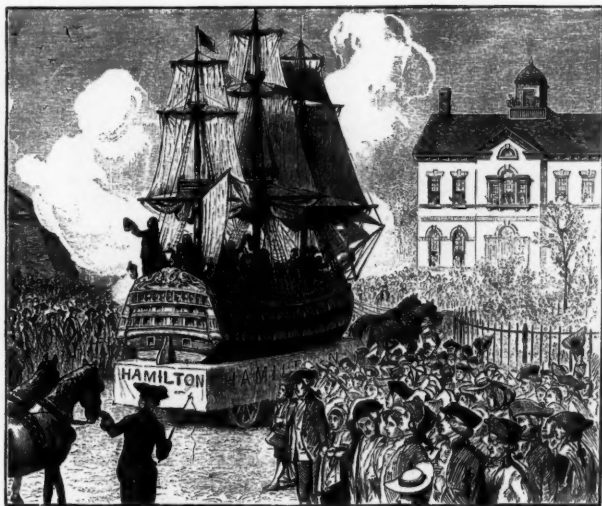
family, have ordered that the honorable Major Alexander Cosby, brother to his excellency, and lieutenant-governor of his majesty's garrison of Annapolis Royal, recently arrived, and Thomas Freeman, the governor's son-in-law, be presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box."

Cosby was the most generally disliked of any governor since Cornbury. During his brief administration the great Zenger trial occurred, of which the world has heard so much, and he was in perpetual conflicts with some of the best men in the province. From this troublous

epoch arose two great parties, differing materially from those which had previously shaken New York, and which ever afterward divided the people of the province. Cosby died March 10, 1736, and the house in the fort was again vacant. George Clarke, one of the counselors, who had been secretary of the province, and in public life in the city since 1703, took charge of affairs, and was subsequently commissioned lieutenant-governor. He was from a prominent English family, and his wife was Ann Hyde, the cousin of Queen Anne. He removed his family to the house in the fort, and assumed all the powers and consequence of an executive chief. Mrs. Clarke was one of the most charming of women, and greatly beloved; it is said that her sweetness of temper was such that nothing could ruffle it or draw an unkind criticism from her lips. Her generosity to the poor gave her the title of "Lady Bountiful." She died in the spring of 1740, and the whole city was in tears. Clarke's seven years' administration was made memorable in history by the great negro plot of 1741. In March of that year his home in the fort was totally consumed by fire one morning, together with the little chapel, secretary's office, and several adjoining buildings. A new governor's house was accordingly built, which was ready to receive Admiral Sir George Clinton on his arrival in September, 1743. He landed at a new battery which had recently been constructed at the foot of Whitehall Street, and was ceremoniously conducted to the fort, the way being lined with soldiers in full dress, where he was treated to an elegant luncheon with many wines, and thence, as was customary on all such occasions, proceeded to the City Hall in Wall

Street, where his commission was published, and the oaths of office administered.

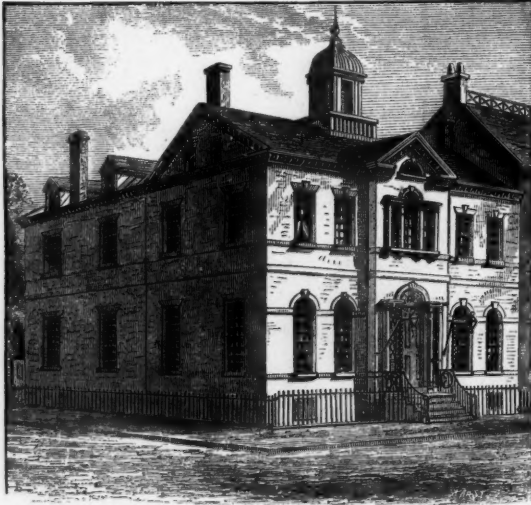
Clinton's wife and several children accompanied him to New York, and the greater part of each year the fort was their home. As governor of a very refractory province, he had an uneasy and an unenviable career. He was constantly engaged in un-



CELEBRATION OF THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION IN 1788.

[The most imposing part of the gorgeous pageant was the Federal ship on wheels, with Hamilton's name emblazoned upon each side of it, its crew going through every nautical preparation and movement for storms, calms, and squalls, as it moved slowly through the streets of New York City. When opposite the Bowling Green a salute of thirteen guns was fired.]

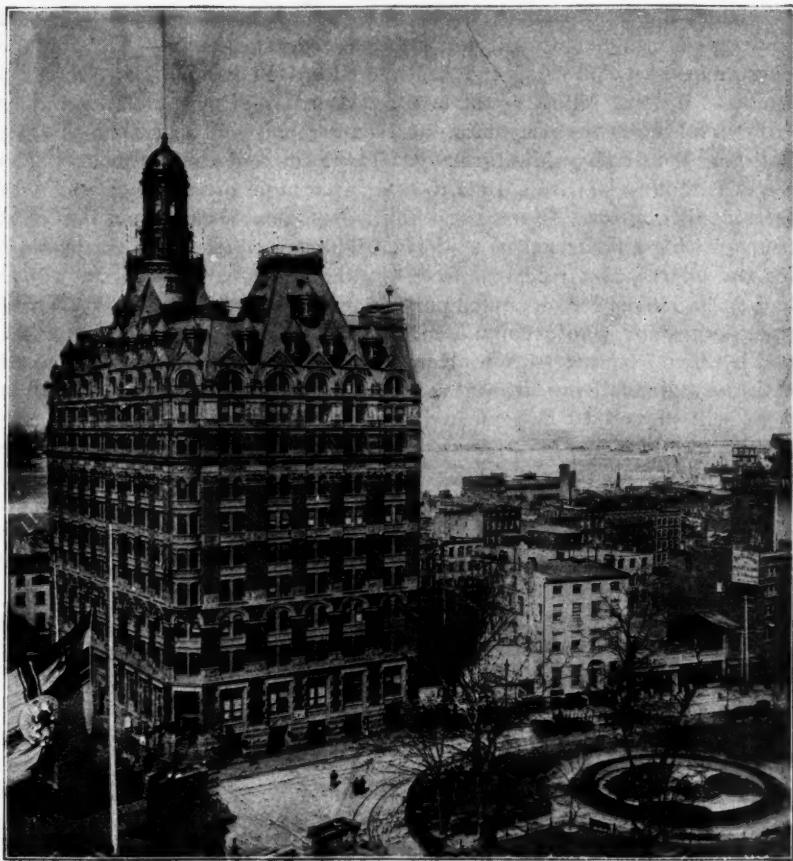
profitable quarrels, and was treated with less respect by the principal New York men and by the assembly than any English officer who had hitherto governed the colony. He entertained many visitors, among whom was Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, into whose ear he poured his woes. Sir William Johnson was often his guest. He finally lost his health as well as his temper, and pleaded for permission to return to England. Sir Danvers Osborne, brother-in-law of the earl of Halifax, a gentleman whose birth, connections, education, and excellent character fitted him admirably for the place, was sent to New York to relieve Clinton in 1753, and at the same time a commission as lieutenant-governor was forwarded to Chief Justice James De Lancey. As the latter was one of the most unbending of the opponents of Clinton's measures, and the people were uproarious with joy, the effect was most depressing to the new-comer. Sir Danvers landed on Sunday, October 7, and Clinton being at his country seat in Flushing, Joseph Murray, one of the counselors, whose wife was Governor Cosby's daughter, and a relative of the late Lady Osborne, entertained him at his own residence.



THE KENNEDY HOUSE, NO. 1 BROADWAY, OVERLOOKING THE BOWLING GREEN.

On Monday Clinton came to town, and an elegant dinner was given to the two governors by the counselors. On Wednesday, at the council-chamber in the fort, Clinton administered the oath of office to Sir Danvers, and delivered (very reluctantly) the commission to De Lancey. A procession was then formed according to ancient usage, and the new governor was conducted to the City Hall to publish his

commission. The party was scarcely outside the fort when De Lancey was cheered enthusiastically, while Clinton was so grossly insulted by the rabble that, to his intense mortification, he was obliged to turn back for refuge in the fort. Sir Danvers walked in silence beside the counselors, closely observing the noisy shouts of gladness with which De Lancey was greeted on every side. After his return to the council-chamber he received the address of the city corporation; another dinner was given to the two governors in the afternoon, and in the evening the city was illuminated and brilliant fire-works displayed. Sir Danvers, however, was gloomy and silent. He told Clinton he expected like treatment to that which he had received; and he remarked to De Lancey, "I shall soon leave you the government." Before the week ended, the city was shocked by the announcement that the new governor had *hanged himself*. He had become convinced that he never could carry out his instructions from the king, particularly in relation to compelling a permanent revenue from New York. De Lancey henceforward governed the colony until the arrival of Sir Charles Hardy in 1754, who, like Clinton, as an unlettered admiral, was better suited to the naval service, and the lords of trade soon made him a rear-admiral, and he sailed away. De Lancey again took the oaths and continued in the supreme



THE FIELD BUILDING, ON THE SITE OF THE KENNEDY HOUSE. THE BOWLING GREEN IN 1889.

command until his death in 1760. Dr. Cadwallader Colden, as senior counselor, succeeded him, and shortly received the appointment of lieutenant-governor, which post he filled fourteen years, much of the time wielding supreme command. The four Britons who followed as chiefs of the colony, prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, were Major-General Monckton in 1761, for a brief period; Sir Henry Moore in 1765, who died in the fort in 1769; the earl of Dunmore in 1770, occupying the executive chair nine months; and Sir William Tryon, Bart., in 1771.

Meanwhile, four native New-Yorkers as senior counselors had each administered the affairs of the colony under the crown—Abraham de Peyster in 1701, following the death of Lord Bellomont; Dr. Gerardus Beekman in 1709, following the death of Lord Lovelace; Peter Schuyler in 1719, following the resignation of Hunter; and Rip van Dam in 1731, following the death of Montgomery. These eminent characters, as well as the other counselors from time to time, were more or less associated with the old historic fort. Ever since Lord Bellomont's day New York had been growing affluent and aristocratic. The landed gentry had city homes for the winter, as a rule, and lived in what Englishmen called "gilded luxury." There were many importing merchants in New York owning their own ships, who accumulated vast wealth in commercial enterprises, and in their frequent trips to European countries were perfectly familiar with the style of living among the best people of the world. Children were sent abroad to be educated much more frequently than now. At social entertainments guests were nearly all of one class, the majority were related by blood or marriage, and the etiquette of foreign courts was observed with a nicety that can scarcely be comprehended in this democratic generation.

Opposite the fort, on the site of the present Field building, stood the well-known Kennedy house, No. 1 Broadway, of late years the Washington hotel. Captain Archibald Kennedy, for whom it was named, was the son of Hon. Archibald Kennedy, receiver-general, and counselor through many decades to a long line of governors residing in the fort. He left a handsome private fortune to his son, the young captain in the royal navy above mentioned, who married Catharine, the only daughter of the brave Colonel Peter Schuyler of New Jersey, who made such a brilliant record in the French and Indian war. The bride, whose mother was the daughter of John Walter, a man of great wealth, residing in Hanover square, inherited three distinct fortunes, that of her father, that of her grandfather Walter, and that of Richard Jones; but she did not live long to enjoy her riches. The site of the Kennedy house was originally the property of Arent Schuyler, brother of Peter Schuyler first mayor of Albany, and the father of Colonel Peter, of later renown. Eve, the daughter of Arent Schuyler, married Peter Bayard, to whom in his will Schuyler gave the lot of ground on lower Broadway; in June, 1745, according to the *abstract of title*, Mrs. Eve Bayard, then a widow, sold the lot to Archibald Kennedy, the witnesses to the sale being Philip Van Cortlandt and Colonel Peter Schuyler, her brother. The house was designed after the most approved English model. It had a broad, handsome front, with a carved doorway, broad

halls, grand staircases, and spacious rooms. The parlor was some fifty feet long, with a graceful bow opening upon a rear porch, large enough for a cotillion party. The banqueting hall was a magnificent apartment, with walls and ceilings artistically decorated. In its palmy days its grounds extended to the water's edge, and were handsomely terraced and cultivated with fastidious care. After the death of his first wife Captain Kennedy married Ann Watts, the daughter of Hon. John Watts, whose home was a great old-time edifice adjoining that of Kennedy. The rooms in the second stories of the two houses were connected by a staircase and bridge in the rear, for convenience when either family gave large parties. The Watts garden like those of its neighbors extended to the water, and was overlooked by a broad piazza that was often kissed by the spray in a high wind. Kennedy afterward became the eleventh earl of Cassalis, and his eldest son, born in this house, was not only the twelfth earl of Cassalis, but the first marquis of Ailsa.

Lieutenant-Governor James De Lancey's home, at the time he received his commission from the king, was a spacious mansion in Broadway, on the site of the present Boreel building. Much has been said about the historic associations of the old City Hotel, but prior to 1793 the explorers of to-day seem to extract very little light. It is an interesting fact that the entire block above Trinity church was the site formerly of one of the handsomest private dwellings in New York. It was erected by Étienne De Lancey (or Stephen, as Anglicized), the son of a French Huguenot nobleman, who brought to New York in 1686 many evidences of wealth and culture. He engaged in commercial enterprises, and became one of the richest men in the province. In 1700, he married the daughter of Hon. Stephanus Van Cortlandt, and the latter conveyed to him the property in Pearl Street, corner of Broad, on which he built the old homestead, still standing with two added stories, and known as "Fraunces' Tavern," which enjoys the distinction of being labeled with a crude board sign bearing the words "Washington's Headquarters," it having been immortalized by the presence of our great chief, and particularly as the scene of Washington's parting with his officers at the close of the Revolution. After residing in this home for a quarter of a century or more, Étienne De Lancey moved into his new and larger house in Broadway, which at his death, in 1741, became the property of his eldest son, James, the lieutenant-governor. It was an immense edifice for the period, all its decorations and appointments costly and elegant, and it was encircled by balconies, with a broad piazza on the river side, commanding one of the most beautiful views in the world, while its cultivated

gardens and grounds with winding walks and stairs extended to the water's edge. What is now Thames Street was the carriage-way to the stables.

Admiral Sir Peter Warren was one of the frequent and favored guests in this New York home, and here he courted and married Susan, the beautiful daughter of Étienne De Lancey. It was here also that her captivating sister Anne, the belle of the household, gave her heart and hand to John Watts, who, like her brother James, had been liberally educated in Europe. One of the tutors of young De Lancey at Cambridge was Dr. Thomas Herring, who became successively Bishop of Bangor, Archbishop of York, and Archbishop of Canterbury, and the master and pupil kept up an intimacy by letter long after the one became primate of all England and the other chief-justice and lieutenant-governor of New York. The genius and marvelous abilities of James De Lancey have rendered him a conspicuous figure of the century prior to the Revolution. No ruler of the province, foreign or domestic, ever exerted more healthful influence, or possessed to such a degree the elements of popularity. His bearing was princely, as if born to command; but the people, knowing that he was the richest man in America, instead of a foreign invader seeking to enrich himself with their surplus earnings, pinned their faith to his honesty, because he could have, they thought, no possible motive for stealing the public money. He was intellectually strong, extremely affable and condescending to inferiors, and his scholarship, culture, magnetic presence, vivacity, and wit made him a favorite with all classes. His political opponents were many and sometimes atrociously malicious, and he could not with grace tolerate opinions differing from his own—was haughty and overbearing whenever he was thwarted in his purposes. At the same time, neither the elegance of his style of living nor his beautiful horses and gilded chariot, with outriders in handsome livery, excited envy or criticism. New York was proud of him. His tact and statesmanship were brought into full play after the suicide of Sir Danvers Osborne, in adjusting the permanent revenue question, which had rankled for two-thirds of a century, and been the source of more torment to the English governors, and angry retort and resistance on the part of New York's little parliament, than all other subjects combined. De Lancey, as a jurist of great legal acumen, had repeatedly advised the legislators never to submit to the unreasonable demands of the crown. As a full-fledged officer of the crown he must now obey instructions, the same as those which his predecessors had found so thorny. The difficulty of the position was only equaled by

its delicacy. In addressing the assembly he chose such language as won the confidence of the ministry, and at the same time convinced his audience that he was not about to compel obedience to ministerial orders. He urged that support-bills should be so framed that he could act in relation to them consistent with his official duty—and the members were unruffled, believing that the genius of the man who had been their chief adviser for twenty years, and had proved himself a lover of the country of his birth as well as a just judge, would guide them safely even through the perils of continued opposition.

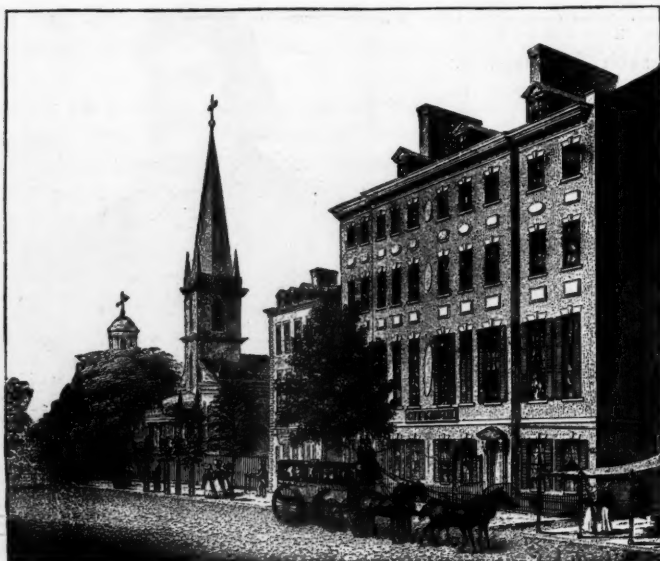
When the bill for his salary on the old plan was sent for his approval, he promptly rejected it, and sent all the resolutions and addresses concerning the measure to the ministry, and whenever he could do so with propriety he wrote to the chief men in England counseling concession to the iron opinions and wishes of New York.

He continued to decline assenting to the annual money bills, and for three years received no salary. Finally, the battle was won in triumph for New York, the ministry in 1756 assenting to annual support-bills for the future, and the spirited controversy was settled. De Lancey was in correspondence personally, as well as officially, with English statesmen during the critical period of the war with France, and his opinions and suggestions were noted and quoted at the court of St. James. He did not live long enough to exert his powerful influence against taxing the colonies. The French war had proved severely costly, and the lords, while sipping their wine at the king's table, said there was wealth enough in



CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

[After painting in possession of New York Historical Society.]



CITY HOTEL, ON HISTORIC SITE OF THE OLD DE LANCEY HOME. TRINITY AND GRACE CHURCHES IN 1831.

[From an old print.]

New York alone to pay the whole debt of England, and graphic stories were told of the triumphal reception and prodigal entertainments given to officers of the British army in the spring of 1760, with special descriptions of the display of "brilliant massive silver" at William Walton's dinners in the old Walton house in Franklin square. The colonists, they argued, were wasting their substance in mad extravagance. The next day in parliament the subject assumed grave proportions. Before the news of how this logic was being turned to account reached New York, Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey suddenly died at his beautiful country-seat in the Bowery, just above Canal Street, 30th July, 1760. His sister, Lady Warren, who was in England, went immediately to Secretary Pitt and asked that her younger brother, Oliver De Lancey, might be appointed to the vacant office. The minister received the application coldly. "I hope," exclaimed the lady with warmth, "that you have had reason to be satisfied with the brother I have lost?"

"Madam," was the answer, "had your brother James lived in England, he would have been one of the first men in the kingdom."



THE BOREEL BUILDING, ON HISTORIC SITE OF CITY HOTEL. VIEW OF TRINITY CHURCH IN 1889.

The mansion in Broadway then became the property of the lieutenant-governor's eldest son, James, by whom it was given by deed, 16th May, 1765, to his brother John Peter, the younger son of the lieutenant-governor, who was sent to England to be educated—at Harrow and at the military school of Greenwich—and after a time entered the British army, but took no part in the war with America; thus his estates were not confiscated. This edifice, being the largest of its kind in the city, was rented for a hotel. It had various proprietors by whose names it was successively called, and for nearly three decades it was the leading public house, the Delmonico of the time. During the Revolution it was the favorite resort of the British officers on account of its piazzas and balconies, and its proximity to the fashionable promenade in front of Trinity church, called "The Mall." It had a great ball-room, where dancing assemblies and concerts and grand dinner-parties were given. It was the scene of the great ball given on the 7th of May, 1789, in honor of Washington's inauguration as President—usually spoken of as the first "inauguration ball."

Having returned from England to reside permanently in New York, John Peter De Lancey took advantage of the rise in real estate and sold this property, conveying it by deed on the 23d of March, 1793, to Philip Livingston, John Watts, Thomas Buchanan, Gulian Verplanck, James Watson, Moses Rogers, James Farquhar, Richard Harrison, and Daniel Ludlow, in trust "for all the subscribers to the New York Tontine Hotel and Assembly Room, upon such conditions, and with right of survivorship, as should be settled by the majority of the said subscribers or their representatives." The consideration was £6,000 New York currency. This "syndicate," as it would now be called, pulled the old house down and built the City Hotel. Its history from that date until 1849, if recited, would fill a volume replete with instructive and captivating incidents. Its great banquetting hall accommodated five hundred guests at table. This hotel was for a long period the only place in the city where large public entertainments could be given. It stood until 1849, when it was taken down and a row of brown-stone stores erected on its site. The estate, purchased by John Jacob Astor, was settled upon his granddaughter, Sarah Langdon, who married Francis R. Boreel, a Dutch nobleman, chamberlain to the king of Holland, and who a few years since removed the stores and erected the great Boreel building on the historic site.

The quarter nearest the fort was the court end of the town prior to the Revolution, although a few consequential families had even then removed to Wall Street and vicinity. The west side of Broadway was a charming place of residence until streets came to pass between them and the river,



VIEW OF BROADWAY FROM THE BOWLING GREEN, 1823.

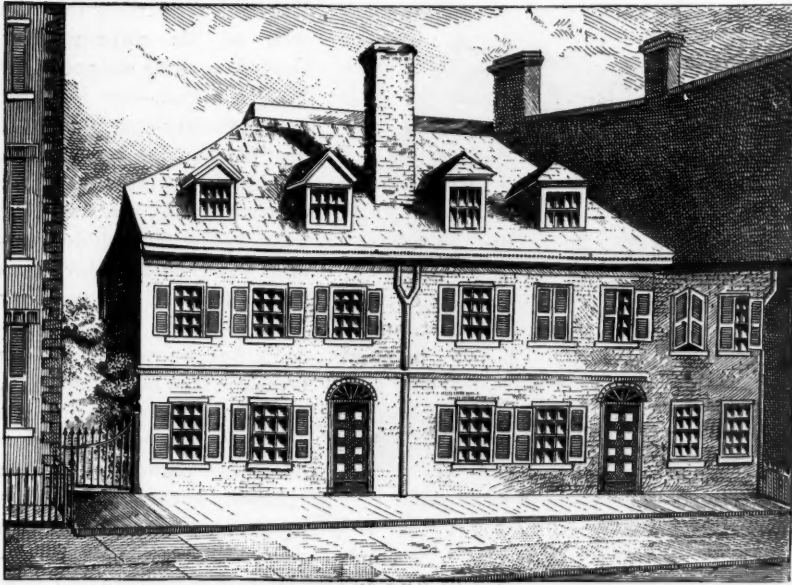
[From an old print.]

and nothing could exceed the beauty of the outlook from the State Street mansions below the fort, which remain to this day. The third house in the Broadway row, adjoining that of Hon. John Watts, was the home of Judge Robert R. Livingston, father of the chancellor, who died in 1776. The journey of this family to and from their manor-house at Clermont every spring and autumn was imposing, for they were attended by a long train of men-servants and maid-servants, and the transportation by sloop or by land occupied many days. At the time of Washington's inauguration this house was occupied by Chancellor Livingston, and it was here that Washington came to see the fireworks on the evening of that memorable day, April 30, 1789.

Next to this stood the interesting home of John Stevens, one of the counselors until 1776, whose wife was the daughter of the great lawyer and mathematician, James Alexander, and the sister of Lord Stirling. Their daughter became the wife of Chancellor Livingston; and their son John, born in 1749, who was associated with this old mansion through all his school days, graduating from King's college in 1768 (in the same class with Egbert Benson, Gouverneur Morris, and Bishop Moore) was the celebrated inventor of steamships, who owned the whole of what is now Hoboken, where he had a summer residence. He and his son, Robert Livingston Stevens,

were the foremost men of any country to venture upon the ocean in a vessel relying entirely upon steam power. The next two houses, Nos. 9 and 11, were built together, presenting a peculiar front, but they were deep, and much more roomy than they seemed to the passer-by, and had extensive grounds in the rear filled with shubbery and flowers. They were originally the property of the Van Cortlandts of Kingsbridge; No. 11 was the inheritance of Eve, daughter of Frederick and Frances Jay Van Cortlandt, who married Hon. Henry White, the counselor and one of the founders and fourth president of the Chamber of Commerce. White was notably one of the consignees of the tea—forbidden merchandise—the shipment of which caused such excitement in the winter of 1773-'74. The tea-ships reached Boston first, and the world is aware how the issue was met. But every one may not be so well informed as to the peremptory and public manner in which New York sent back her tea-ship to the country whence it came without permitting the tea to be landed. All the bells in the city rang for an hour without stopping while the captain was being escorted from his lodgings to the wharf at the Battery, the band playing meanwhile "God save the King;" and an immense but orderly crowd watched his embarkation and the departure of the vessel in a manner that expressed the sense of the community. White had no sympathy with the patriots. He went to England when the city was evacuated in 1783, where he died in 1786. His estates were among the earliest confiscated. His residence had been in Queen Street, nearly opposite Pine, in the elegant old mansion built by Treasurer Abraham de Peyster in 1695, and purchased by White after the death of Abraham de Peyster, Jr., in 1769. It was a great double house, three stories high, the grounds occupying the whole block, with a coach-house and stable in the rear. It is interesting to note in this connection that Governor George Clinton was living in this house at the time of the inauguration of our first President, and that it was where Washington as President-elect, and the committees by whom he was received, dined on the 23d of April, 1789, the day of his arrival in New York from Mount Vernon.

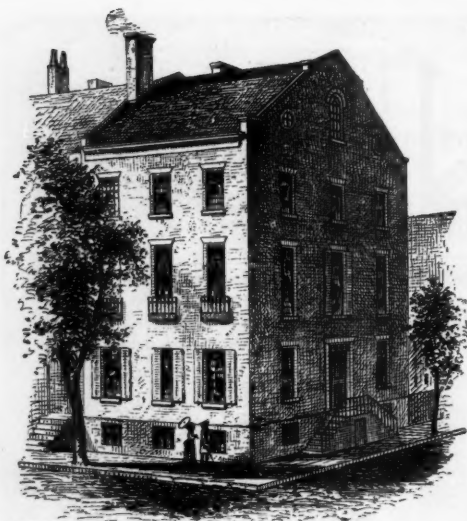
Mrs. White did not accompany her husband to England. She had great wealth of her own, and her daughters were gifted, beautiful, and much admired in society. Margaret became the wife of Peter Jay Munro. One of Mrs. White's sons was Lieutenant-General White of the British army, and another was Rear Admiral White of the royal navy. Mrs. White occupied this house until her death in 1836, at the age of ninety-nine years. The two dwellings were then converted into a public house known as the "Atlantic Garden," which was pulled down a few years ago;



NEAR VIEW OF THE TWO HISTORIC HOMES, NOS. 9 AND 11 BROADWAY.
AFTER 1836 CONVERTED INTO THE "ATLANTIC GARDEN."

curiously enough historic fiction had misled some persons into identifying it with the Burns coffee-house where the famous non-importation agreement was signed, October 31, 1765, thus sundry chairs and canes were made from its rafters to preserve as precious relics. But the Burns coffee-house was farther up Broadway, and the relics lost their fancied value.

The homes of the Van Hornes, the Lawrences, the Ludlows, the Clarksons, and many others, were in full view of the fort. Hon. David Clarkson was a grandson of the Matthew Clarkson who was thirteen years secretary of the province, appointed by William and Mary, and connected with the English nobility. He resided in a grand mansion in Whitehall Street, corner of Pearl, for at least twenty-five years prior to the Revolution—a mansion which the newspapers of the day called an "ornament to the city." His wife was sister to the wife of Governor William Livingston. His house was sumptuous in its appointments, its furniture, costly table service, silver-plate, works of art, and extensive library, chiefly imported from London. His family were influential in social affairs. In 1767 a letter appears written by Mr. Clarkson to a personal friend in

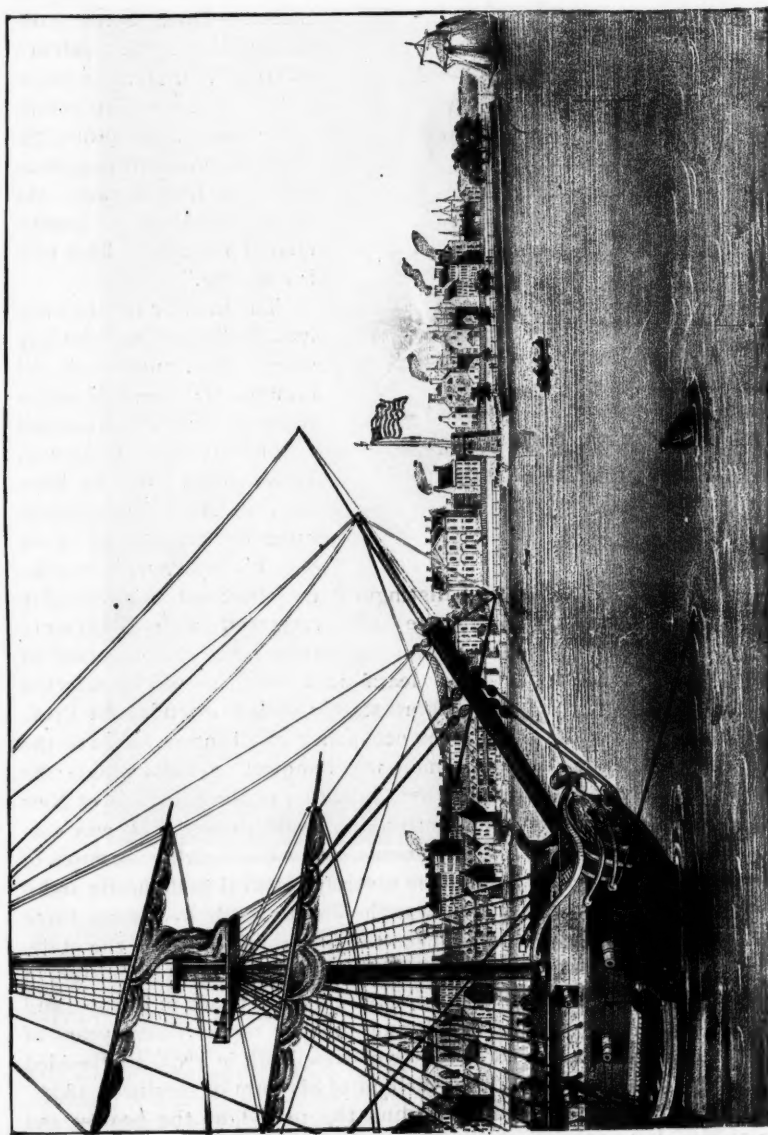


THE CLARKSON HOUSE, IN WHITEHALL STREET.

England, requesting that the wife of his correspondent shall do a little shopping for Mrs. Clarkson—to buy for her “twenty-four yards of best bright blue satin, and a fashionable winter cloak of crimson satin for her own use.” The household servants were chiefly slaves, as they were in all opulent New York families. Mr. Clarkson’s fine house with all its treasures was burned in 1776, and about the same time his summer residence in Flatbush was plundered by the Hessian soldiers, who had a royal drunken frolic over his choice wines which they discovered.

His son, the afterward distinguished General Matthew Clarkson, purchased in 1793 the site of the old Clarkson house in Whitehall Street, and built thereon the substantial three-story brick mansion of the sketch in which he lived until his death in 1825. He married Mary, the beautiful daughter of Walter Rutherford. He was the president of the bank of New York some twenty-one years, and his name is associated with the foundation of nearly all the early important societies of New York, whether intended for education, culture, or charity. Chancellor Kent said of him: “It belongs to Christianity alone to form and animate such a character.”

The great fire of 1776 swept away all the dwellings on the north side of Whitehall Street. The first French Huguenot church edifice in New York was built in Marketfield Street in 1688, and with its gallery, which was added in 1692, seated “from three to four hundred persons.” The site is now entirely covered by the Produce Exchange, the west end of old Marketfield Street being closed to permit its erection. The governor’s house in the fort was burned the second time during Governor Sir William Tryon’s administration. It was a cold night in December, 1773, and the governor’s family escaped with much difficulty, one servant perishing in the flames. Tryon then took up his abode in a large house in Broad



VIEW OF NEW YORK IN 1790, SHOWING SIDE VIEW OF THE GREAT HOUSE BUILT FOR PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

[From an old print in possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.]



MRS. JOHN JAY.

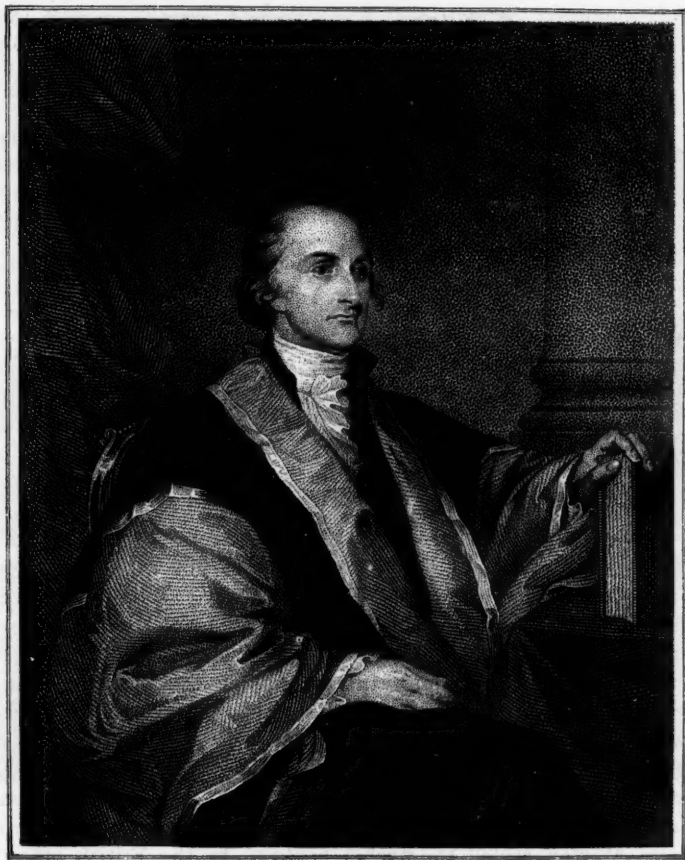
[From a painting in possession of the family.]

Street. Dock Street contained the elegant residence of Hugh Wallace, who entertained Tryon on his return home from England in 1775. Isaac Low was his neighbor, of whom John Adams said in 1774: "He is a gentleman of fortune and his wife is a beauty."

The historic homes overlooking the fort and the Bay were legion, and nearly all occupied by families whose names are well represented in the New York of to-day. When peace came to bless the country, and a President came to charm New York with his presence, it was fitting that soil so thoroughly saturated with historic reminiscence as the site of

the old fort, a central point in this antique vicinity, should be selected above all others for the erection of the stately edifice intended for President Washington's home, and for the occupancy of all future heads of the nation. After the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia the structure was finished and appropriated to the uses of the governors of New York, as had been its predecessors on the same ground. It was constructed of red brick, with Ionic columns, and was a striking example of the tendency of the period toward the severely classical in domestic architecture. Governor George Clinton was the first to reside in it some three or four years. John Jay, who had been the first chief-justice of the state, and the first chief-justice of the nation, as well as one of the ministers in 1783 who negotiated and signed the definite treaty of peace in Europe, and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs during the five most critical years of America's history, was elected governor of New York in 1795, and resided in this grand house six years, until the end of his term of service in 1801.

Of the elegances of social life during the period, of the beauty and grace of Mrs. Jay as the presiding genius of the governor's household, of



JOHN JAY, FIRST CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES. GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, 1795-1801.

the fashionable entertainments, and the distinguished people who met in these spacious rooms, we obtain glimpses here and there, but must leave our readers to trace them between the lines. A foreign writer gives us the following informing paragraph :

" The first society of New York associate together in a style of elegance and splendor little inferior to Europeans. Their houses are furnished with everything that is useful, agreeable, or ornamental ; and many of them are fitted up in the tasteful magnificence of modern luxury. Many have elegant equipages. The dress of the gentlemen is plain, elegant, and fashionable, and corresponds in every respect with the English costume. The



THE LUDLOW-MORTON HOUSE, NO. 9 STATE STREET.

ladies in general seem more partial to the light, various, and dashing drapery of the Parisian belles, than to the elegant and becoming attire of our London beauties, who improve upon the French fashions. The winter is passed in a round of entertainments and amusements. The servants are mostly negroes or mulattoes; some free, and others slaves. Marriages are conducted in the most splendid style, and form a most important part of the winter's entertainments. For three days after the marriage ceremony the newly married couple see company in great state. It is a sort of levee. Sometimes the night concludes with a concert and ball."

The newspapers in November, 1796, chronicle a marriage and reception of this character at the governor's mansion as

follows: "Married on the 3d at his Excellency's, John Jay, Governor, Government House, John Livingston, of the Manor of Livingston, to Mrs. Catharine Ridley, daughter of the late Governor William Livingston." The bride was Mrs. Jay's accomplished and piquant sister, Kitty Livingston, who in 1787 became the wife of Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore, and after brief wedded happiness was left a widow.

One of the romantic social events of June, 1797, was the marriage of the celebrated Josiah Quincy to Miss Eliza Susan Morton, in the old Ludlow-Morton house, No. 9 State Street. The father of the bride was John Morton, styled the "rebel banker" by the British officers, on account of the large sums of money he loaned the continental congress. The brother of the bride was General Jacob Morton, a prominent public character in New York city for nearly half a century, who married, in 1791, Catharine, the daughter of Carey Ludlow, and the Ludlow mansion henceforward was his home. The president of Princeton college, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, made the journey to New York to perform the ceremony, the lady having been a favorite in his family. The following day, the wedded pair started for Boston in a coach drawn by four horses, and were five days in reaching their future home. Moses Rogers, of the great firm of Woolsey and Rogers, resided for many years

at No. 7 State Street. His wife was the sister of President Dwight of Yale college, who visited them frequently. At No. 6, lived James Watson, the first president of the New England society of New York, in whose parlors that society was founded in 1805. These State Street houses overflow with charming historic memories although shorn of their balconies and other beauties; very little remains of former architectural elegance. The Battery grounds in front of them have undergone extraordinary changes. Castle Garden, as it was when Jenny Lind immortalized it with

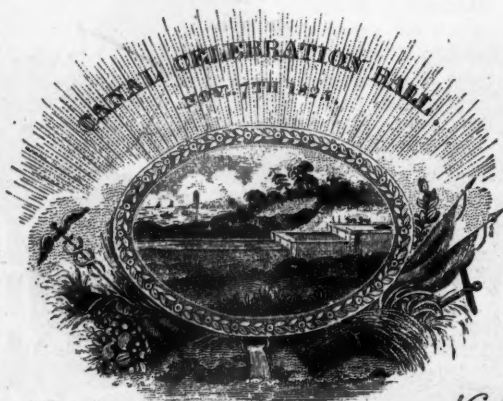


VIEW OF THE STATE STREET HOMES FRONTING THE BATTERY, IN 1859.

[From an old print.]

her sweet voice, is expressed in the picture. The government house was turned into offices after John Jay retired from it, and was the home of innumerable societies and institutions struggling for life. The New York Historical Society occupied rooms in it from 1809 to 1815, when it was taken down, and seven dwelling-houses erected on its site. Stephen Whitney lived in one of these for many years, also Samuel Ward, of the firm of Prime, Ward and King, the brother-in-law of Dr. Francis, and the active founder of churches, institutions, and charities. John Hone, brother of Mayor Philip Hone, dwelt in the same row; and during the period, Nathaniel Prime's city residence was in the Kennedy house, No. 1 Broad-

way, while John Watts, son of the counselor, one of the founders of the Leake and Watts Orphan Home in 1831, and a munificent donor to other philanthropic objects, occupied the stately old Watts mansion adjoining. Fashion pushed in a northerly direction for many generations before the residents near the Battery were disturbed. Among the magnificent spectacles from their windows, nothing probably, after the Inauguration of Washington, ever exceeded the pageant on the occasion of the canal celebration in 1825. It was like a bewildering fairy scene. The magnificent and gorgeously decorated fleet formed a circle about the



Given by the MILITIA OFFICERS & CITIZENS OF *New York.*
Admit Col W^m L Stone

canal boat from Lake Erie of some three miles in circumference, when De Witt Clinton, with great solemnity, poured from an elegant keg adorned with many devices and inscriptions, and gilded hoops, the waters of Lake Erie into the Atlantic ocean. Medals of very beautiful design and workmanship were given to all the invited guests of the corporation on this occasion, both ladies and gentlemen; and fifty-one gold medals were struck and sent to the different crowned heads of the world and eminent men. These were inclosed in elegant square red morocco cases. The silver medals, of which there were several hundred, were inclosed in boxes made from logs of cedar brought from an island in Lake Erie. The "canal celebration ball" was instituted on a grand scale. Some three thousand guests were present, including Governor and Mrs. Clinton. One of the belles of the evening wrote at a late hour: "We met all the world

and his wife; military heroes, noble statesmen, artificial and natural characters, the audacious, the clownish, the polished and refined, but we were squeezed to death, are sleepy and heartily tired."

It is but a few steps, seemingly, from the Bowling Green to Trinity church, at the head of Wall Street, which was a pile of ruins at the time of the Inauguration of Washington. It was rebuilt and consecrated, March 25, 1790, and a richly ornamented pew with a canopy over it was occupied by President Washington and his family on that occasion. The present Trinity church edifice was erected in 1846. The church-yard which surrounds the structure is an endearing memorial of the varied and interesting elements of character which have contributed to the present greatness of New York city. Alongside the noisiest and busiest thoroughfare in America it surprises and interests the stranger, and leads him to pause beside its railings and peer with inquiring eyes into its sycamore shades, where the distinguished scions of Europe's nobility sleep on the same level with our own brave sons and fair daughters, and where talent, wit, beauty, worth, and patriotism share equally in the consecrated rest. The tomb of Alexander Hamilton can be seen from the sidewalk, whose tragic fate crowned what his genius had already achieved—an immortalized name; and when the sublime scene of one hundred years ago is commemorated in Wall Street on the 30th of April next, the impressive fact will be brought freshly home to the public mind that one of the most brilliant and powerful actors in the events which preceded and made Washington's Presidency a possibility, sleeps so marvelously near the spot where the political, commercial, financial, social, and domestic roots of a great country's life were first planted, that the inscription upon his monument can almost be read from the platform where our distinguished guests will stand assembled.

Martha J Lamb

AMERICA, THE WORLD'S PUZZLE IN GEOGRAPHY

From the days of Solon, the Greek, to Columbus, twenty-one hundred years, America was the puzzle of the world in geography. The Egyptian priests gave the puzzle to Solon; and for how many years or centuries they had been studying it, history does not yet inform us. When prehistoric America has been written up, from our mounds and cliff-houses and *casas grandes*, all the way from the Ohio Valley and Colorado to the ancient Peru, we may know, without going to the Nile, when the Egyptians began to study the enigma which they gave to Solon. It would be, and it may yet be an amusing end in archæological studies, if American antiquaries should exhaust the Old World and then return to find an older world and the oldest antiquities, and the most inscrutable and obstinately silent ones, in their own land. The traveler smiles at the ignorance of the *fellahs* of Egypt, whose garden soil is mixed with the dust of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs, while they know only that their melons and cucumbers and leeks are good. In that regard we know no better whose dust enriches the grazing for our New Mexican beef and Arizona wool.

Solon told the story of the Egyptian priests to Plato, who records it for substance, that west of Spain there was once an island larger than Asia Minor and Libya. From it travelers could easily pass on westward to other islands, and from them to a continent. This continent was so large as to sweep around and embrace an inland sea, in comparison with which the Mediterranean was only a harbor. On this continent there were populous nations, ruled by strong kings. In some great convulsion of nature, this large island lying off Spain, called Atlantis, was sunk, and many smaller ones about it. Thus travel was cut off between Europe and the continent west of Atlantis. Only mountain tops remained above water, that we now call the Canaries and Azores and West Indies. Legends of these sunken islands and a cut-off continent crept into Grecian and Roman literature, and the half-mystic history of primitive Europe. But the America of the future played shy and concealed herself.

And thus for fifteen hundred years from the Egyptian travels of the Greek Solon. Nor was it difficult for that legendary world west of Atlantis to keep out of sight; for those were mostly coasting days in navigation, and he who went beyond sight of all headland, and had only stars for a compass, needed the stout oak and triple brass of Horace around his daring heart.

After these fifteen centuries, a wild northeaster chanced to some brawny Norwegians, living in Iceland, and they went over, without choice or ticket, from Iceland to Greenland. One Erik the Red, who swung a savage arm, was afterward exiled from Iceland to this Greenland for manslaughter. Many years later, and about the year A.D. 1000, another northeaster storm caught a son of this Erik and hurried him past some islands far off in the farther southwest, that had not gone under in the catastrophe of Atlantis.

In voyages following, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard were explored, and a settlement was made near Fall River. The first European dying in America and by an Indian, had a Christian burial across the bay off Plymouth Harbor, and almost in sight of the Burial Hill of the Pilgrims, opened six hundred and seventeen years afterward. Three years later a flotilla of three immigrant ships, the first in an apparently endless line, bring over a hundred and sixty adventurers, with a variety of live-stock. The following year the first native American of European blood is born on the shores of Buzzard's Bay, possibly in Falmouth. That was sixteen years before the birth of William the Conqueror. Erik, Bishop of Greenland, comes over A.D. 1121 for professional and religious purposes. Slowly intercourse ceased between the two worlds, the wake of those pioneer ships was covered by other northeasters, and the memories of them faded off into traditions and myths. The last as yet known voyage was made A.D. 1347 by a crew of seventeen, and the mystic continent of the Egyptian priests is left in quiet and obscurity. The puzzle of Solon was half-worked and then the key was lost.

Scraps of fleeing and fading facts found refuge and security in the literature of Europe, and they are picked up now and then in attics of mediæval rubbish, as wanderers in the icy and dark Northland occasionally find a spoon, or bit of wood, or shred of clothing, that tells that Franklin was once there. The latest coming to my hand, and, so far as appears, not before used in this line of evidences, is from Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of the see of St. Asaph, A.D. 1152, and compiler of the *Chronicae, sive Historia Britonum*.

The reference of Geoffrey to the New World is in a kind of pagan drama, in which Brutus thus speaks to Diana:

"Goddess of shades and huntress, who at will
Walkest on the rolling spheres, and thro' the deep,
On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou biddest me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vowed and virgin quires."

Diana replies, as in the knowledge of the times of Geoffrey, and while the Northmen were visiting America :

" Brutus, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old.
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course : there shalt thou find a lasting seat ;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world and conquer nations bold."*

The lines of Petrarch are applicable, even if he did not design them to be, A.D. 1304-1370.

" The daylight hastening with winged steps,
Perchance to gladden the expectant eyes
Of far-off nations, in a world remote."

CANZONE IV.

The lines of Pulci, A.D. 1431-1487, are almost imperative for the historical interpretation, as their prophecy had fulfillment, in Columbus, only five years after the death of their author.

" His bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The Western wave. . . .
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set

* *Diva potens nemorum, terror sylvestribus apris ;
Cui licet amfractus ire per ætheros,
Infernasque domos ; terrestria jura resolve,
Et dic quas terras nos habitare velis.
Dic certam sedem, qua te venerabor in ævum,
Qua tibi virgineis templa dicabo choris.*

Brutus circled the altar and image of Diana four times, and nine times repeated the above prayer, pouring the consecrated goblet of wine and the blood of a white hart on the burning altar. Then he fell asleep, when the goddess replied :

*Brute, sub occasum solis, trans Gallica regna,
Insula in oceano est, undique clausa mari ;
Insula in oceano est, habitata gigantibus olim,
Nunc deserta quidem ; gentibus apta tuis,
Hanc pete, namque tibi sedes erit illa perennis.
Sic fiet natis altera Troja tuis ;
Sic de prole tua reges nascentur, et ipsis
Totius terræ subditus orbis erit.*

The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
Men shall descry another hemisphere.

At our antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
The sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light."

Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

No doubt other fragments of the historic thread are yet to be found, and, though broken and tangled, they will lead along from the Nile to Palos, and so across over the sunken Atlantis. But down into the days of the Great Admiral, the Western world has its secret of existence in its own keeping. The mariner's compass, "navigation's soul," had had rude construction and awkward use for two hundred years or so, but could not divine land three thousand miles away; while the steamer, the telegraph, and the telephone that was to whisper the secrets of the world, were waiting three or four centuries down the future. There was no printing-press with mail-pouches, to record and treasure and scatter all abroad the philosophy and theories and facts of scholarly navigators. Can the world's puzzle in geography be solved? Not yet.

But this world can keep no secrets. Venus confesses, centuries in advance, when she will proceed to make her transit. An old mastodon, unearthed from a New Jersey bog, confesses, through a microscope, that he breakfasted on cedar browse the day he died, seven thousand years before, more or less. Ancient Babylon has reluctantly surrendered to us her stone ledgers, showing the stock prices at her brokers' board, when Nebuchadnezzar went down her Wall Street to see the Assyrian and Chaldaean "bulls" and "bears." Daring and science can serve subpoenas on all witnesses, and they must appear on the stand. Ages and distances, heights and depths, are no longer barriers, but ladders and stepping-stones, to inquisitive people.

Finally America must confess to her existence; but when? The horizon is only a pretending cover, and lifts and moves on for those boldly approaching, and Columbus leaves Palos, with the question of Egypt, already on human lips twenty-two hundred years: Is there another continent? That question how many on the coast of Europe all the way from North Cape to Gibraltar, have sent out westward over the dark, mysterious Atlantic. The Great Admiral carries the question and demands its answer. The horizon lifts and moves on, while the new lands stand and confess.

The answer is partial, equivocal and ambiguous. An island is discov

ered, the puzzle is half solved in an archipelago, and Columbus dies without knowing that the continent beyond Atlantis still holds its secret in its own keeping. Even the American birds conspired against him to foil his purpose, and when his prow was well on to the Virginia coasts, they lured him off to a little island, and then hurried him back to the Old World.* So the prophetic inklings of the Egyptian, and of the Greeks, Plato and Strabo, end in an archipelago. The latter had written thus in his eighty-fourth year—probably the year when our Lord entered on his public ministry: "There may be in the same temperate zone two, and indeed more inhabited lands, especially nearest the parallel of Thinaë [or Athens] prolonged into the Atlantic Ocean." †

From the date of the great discovery of Columbus the puzzle evades solution by shifting the question. The problem henceforth is for a passage through the American archipelago to the East Indies. America had adroitly avoided entrance on an atlas of the world as a continent, but gave forced consent to the pseudonym of archipelago. It is the amusement of the antiquary to trace the struggle of navigators, merchants and kings to sail a vessel overland from our eastern to our western coast; and the history of the struggle, that shows in details how it was not done, is a most thrilling romance of facts, showing how nautical scholarship and commercial energy and kingly ambitions made continuous and total mistakes and failures for three hundred years.

It must be sufficient for us at this time to illustrate by scattered cases, somewhat chronologically arranged, how European energy in discovery and trade expended itself in seeking that ship passage through the islands, which composed America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When Cabot, Sebastian, the son, visited the continent, in 1497, he had more regret that he did not pass through to China, than satisfaction that he, first of English navigators, sighted the coast from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas. He considered his voyage a failure, because he was braving those unknown seas "ever with the intent to find said passage to India." The same ambition and end ruled Cortez, as he confesses to his king, Charles V.: "Being well aware of the great desire of your Majesty to know concerning the supposed Strait, and of the great advantage the Crown would derive from its discovery, I have laid aside all other schemes more obvious, tending to promote my interests, in order to pursue this object alone." ‡ On the literary side, the Reverend Richard Hakluyt did

* Humboldt's *Kosmos*. Vol. II., pp. 516, 556-557, 645.

† Lib. I., p. 65; Lib. II., p. 118.

‡ Cortez' *Dispatches*, p. 419. Oct. 15, 1524.

much to stimulate the search for this inland passage. He made a compilation of Divers Voyages to America, which much promoted enterprises in that line.

Speaking of the settlement of Virginia, Robertson says, in his *History of America*: "The most active and efficacious promoter of this was Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster, to whom England is more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age." Hakluyt himself confesses to his own untiring industry and irrepressible ardor to stimulate England to this by his publications. In the preface to his *General Collection of Voyages*, he makes a noble declaration to his scholarly labors in this line. We fear his sermons must have had a marine sameness about Noah in the Ark, and Jonah somewhere else, and St. Paul in Adria.

He quotes authority that the Pacific has been discovered in back of Montreal. He quotes an exhortation of one Robert Thorne to Henry VIII., on this wise: "With a small number of shippes there may bee discovered diuers newe landes & kingdomes, in the whiche, without doubt, Your Grace shall winne perpetuall glory, and your subiects infinite profite. To which places there is left one way to discover, which is into the North. . . . And in mine opinione, it will not seeme well to leaue so great & profitable an enterprise. Seeing it may so easily, & with so little coste, labour and danger bee followed & obtained."

In his "Epistle Dedicatorie" of his book to Sir Philip Sidney, this quaint old author and enthusiast on the West thus writes: "I maruaile not a little, Right Worshipfull, that since the first discoverie of America, which is nowe full four score & tenne yeeres, after so great conquests & plantings of the Spaniardes & Portingales, that wee of Englende could neuer have the grace to set fast footing in such fertile & temperate places as are left us vnpossessed of them." At this time there was but one book in English on maritime discoveries—*Eden's Historie of Travayle*—but Hakluyt soon remedied the defect. He made an epitome of researches for the northwestern passage down to 1582, and also gave, in his *Letter Dedicatorie to Sir Philip Sidney*, eight reasons for believing that there is one. In 1584 he published a *Discourse on Western Planting*, apparently to draw Elizabeth into the grand work, who husbanded, at least, her resources. Eight years before Frobisher had led off, first among Englishmen, in trying this continuous puzzle, and recorded his name and failure on the straits that bear his name. He had also made another famous record when he said that the discovery of that hidden passage was "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone, by which a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

He finds room in his *Voyages* for this note from Sebastian Cabot: "It seemeth that God doth yet still reserue the great enterprise for some great Prince to discouer this voyage of Cathaio by this way." Certain old maps greatly affected Hakluyt, whose blunders, now so laughable, did much to lead him on and kindle enthusiasm, showing that ignorance is quite a schoolmaster. "A great olde round carde," shown to him by the King of Portugal, located the strait of his desires in latitude fifty-seven on the Labrador coast. Another "mightie large old map in parchment" showed him in latitude forty the Atlantic and Pacific close together, with only a strip of land between, "much like the streyte neck or isthmus of Darienna." An old globe belonging to Elizabeth had this isthmus extended on it, "with the sea joyninge hard on both sides as it doth on Panama." Contemporary and sympathetic with Hakluyt was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who published a work in 1576, to show "that there is a passage on the north side of America to go to Cataia, China, and to the East Indies." He had the boldness of his convictions and the blindness of his age, for he founded a short-lived colony in Newfoundland, and perished himself in the excursion.

Of course, we are ready to see these theories put to romantic use in any colony planted in America, and they furnish lively illustrations. Fooled by the Indians, Lane, Raleigh's first governor, went up the Roanoke to see the fountain-spring from which it issues, and so near to the Pacific, that in heavy storms the salt spray breaks over and makes the river brackish. It was a long chase and hunt for the ocean and the gold that lined its shores, but even the dog-meat diet to which the party was reduced did not break the delusion, and a map sent back to Europe, and now in the British Museum, shows the river Roanoke as an estuary running back into a connection with the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Newport, of the Jamestown colony, pushed up the James with a strong force as far as Richmond, looking for the Pacific, and it was one of the sham charges against Captain Smith that he had not, in accordance with the sealed instructions of the council, gone up the Chickahominy, to see if it did not connect with the Pacific. He went, but his most important discovery was the redoubted Powhatan and his romantic Pocahontas. The delusion of an archipelago was well sustained, and the continent of Geoffrey "beyond the realms of Gaul" played hide and seek with the navigators and map-makers for three hundred years. The Egyptian puzzle was varied to a labyrinthine hunt for the Straits of Anian—the north-west passage—the game and the chase steadily working toward and into the Arctic. Ariadne would have been perplexed to spin and draw her

spider-thread through all the mazy channels of ice and storm and arctic night, up which bold men went to die.

The jolly gods must have had lively times all to themselves, while they looked on for a century or two to see the naval officers of the world, weighty with knowledge and dignity, and decorations of knightly orders, struggling to sail a frigate from the Chickahominy over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, and by it, and through its head-waters, into the Pacific. Or to see them laying their course from the Great Lakes, through prairies and wheat-fields and ice-fields to the Western Sea, and thence to "Cataia, China, and to the East Indies" of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. We will make long historic steps with a few facts till we come down to the solution of the world's puzzle. In 1673, one Peche, an English buccaneer, pretended that he found this Strait of Anian somewhere north of Japan, and but for head winds could have sailed through to the St. Lawrence or some other eastern waters. Jonathan Carver, hardened up in the French war for such toils, started from Boston, 1766, on a three years' tour to the heads of the Mississippi. His plan was to establish military posts "in some of those parts about the Straits of Annian"—much to the westward. On the map of Ogilby's America, London, 1671, the Strait of Anian is Behring's Strait. "This I am convinced" (Carver) "would greatly facilitate the discovery of a northwest passage, or a communication between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean." His *Three Years' Travels through the Interior Parts of North America*, looking up ship channels, is interesting reading now on those ocean-like prairies. His heirs have lately produced a document of doubtful appearance, and on it lay claim to the territory around the Falls of St. Anthony, as conveyed to him by the Indians. The paper certainly bears some very savage signatures.

Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, whose name justly stands so high on the mountains of this continent, made a more creditable purchase in the same region. "They gave me the land required, about 100,000 acres, equal to \$200,000. [Government land then sold for \$2 per acre.] . . . I gave them presents to the amount of about \$200, and, as soon as the council was over, I allowed the traders to present them with some liquor, which, with what I myself gave, was equal to sixty gallons. . . . You will perceive that we have obtained about 100,000 acres for a song."

Ten years after Carver started out, the English admiralty instructed Cook, 1776, to run up the northwest coast, past the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, and thence, coasting, to search for "such rivers or inlets as might appear to be of considerable extent, and pointing towards Hudson's or Baffin's Bays. He was not to commence search south of sixty-five, since

Hearne had proved that the continent extended beyond that latitude. If he found a promising opening into the continent or north of it, running easterly, he was to seek to sail through. If baffled, he was to repair to Kamtchatka and explore more northern seas "in further search of a northeast or northwest passage, from the Pacific Ocean into the Atlantic or the North Sea." Cook failed to find the passage, and the theory of North America as an archipelago was wearing out in the new world, though still holding some vigor, as we shall see. In Europe this popular delusion maintained itself to even an amusing extent, as one incident will show.

The same year in which Cook took those instructions and sailed on his third and fatal voyage, the Hessians under General Knipphausen, nearly thirteen thousand, embarked for America to aid the English in subduing the rebellious colonies. The General supposed he was shipping for some western rebel island instead of a continent. The seas were rough, the days foggy, and the nights dark, and his sea-sick troops were nigh to mutiny, with the discomforts and the length of the voyage. With great military respect, as under a captain on shipboard, the General approached the master with the question: "Is it not possible, considering the time we have been under sail, that in one of these dark nights we may have sailed by America where the rebels are?" That question was answered at Trenton, if not before, when two coming presidents of the "rebels" put so many Hessians to sad rout and burial that stormy Christmas night.

It was among the chartered obligations of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670, that they should pay special attention to "the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea." True, they labored mainly, it is said, how not to do it, as success would have damaged their continental game preserve. They, however, sent forward, at least ostensibly for this purpose, such explorers in the northland as Dease, Simpson, Dr. John Rae, Hearne, 1769-'72, embracing three excursions, and Mackenzie.

In 1789 Alexander Mackenzie went northwest from Montreal till he struck the river now bearing his name, and followed it down to the Arctic Ocean. In the round trip his party consumed one hundred and two days. So far as the interior north of the latitude of Montreal is concerned, this declaration in the Preface to the Narrative is warranted: "The voyage has settled the dubious point of a practicable northwest passage, and I trust it has set that long agitated question at rest, and extinguished the disputes concerning it forever." In 1772 Hearne had explored from Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Coppermine, and showed that any vessel passing across from ocean to ocean must go south of that river. Now

Mackenzie had excluded from the unprofitable search another vast extent of that iceland.

A grouped miscellany of facts will perhaps best show the awkward condition of American geography as the last century drew toward its close, burdened with the errors of preceding ones.

In 1770 Lorenzana, Archbishop of Mexico, published a history of New Spain, in which he says: "It is doubtful if the country of New Spain does not border on Tartary and Greenland—by the way of California on the former, and by New Mexico on the latter." The mistake of the Roanoke colonists had probably been corrected, that their river had its rise near the Gulf of Mexico, "that openeth out into the South Sea," the Pacific: but the statement of Ogilby in his "America," 1671, had three times been corrected, that "California is the biggest of all the American Islands." From 1570 to 1648 the maps lay down California as a peninsula, and from 1655 to 1700 as an island. Finally it was made a part of the mainland. Captain Smith labored to convince his English readers that "Virginia is no *Ile*, as many doe imagine," yet a hundred years or so afterward, the home government makes record of appointing a member of council to the "island of Virginia," and for long time New England was regarded abroad as an island. In drafting the treaty of peace, 1783, the American and English commissioners were one hundred and thirty-eight miles out of the way in fixing an important bound—the northwest point of the Lake of the Woods, as related to the Mississippi River.

Three things contributed to this puzzle in American geography, that have now been outlined. The first impression that the New World was a cluster of islands lying loosely between Europe and Asia directed geographical researches and distorted the information and conclusions that they offered. The Hudson's Bay Company had absolute control over the northern half of the continent, and were interested to keep it as the great unknown land for fur-raising. They probably never had in it two thousand persons of European blood, though the region they cultivated, or rather protected, as a game preserve, was as far across in some of its diameters as from London to Mecca, or from Paris to Samarcand, being one-third larger than the whole area of Europe. They welcomed one man, Thompson, as explorer and astronomer, for their own interests, but gave the least and most reluctant entrance to those who would travel through it in the interests of science and mankind.

The Spanish discouraged the efforts to discover the northwest passage or the Straits of Anian, as exposing their possessions and their monopolizing trade on the Pacific to the intrusion of foreign nations. So Hakluyt

says in his *Epistle Dedicatorie to Sir Philip Sidney*: "There is no doubt but that there is a straight & short way open into the West, euen vnto Cathay. . . . I haue hearde my selfe of Merchants of credite, that have liued long in Spaine, that King Phillip hath made a lawe of lait that none of his subiectes shall discouer to the Northwardes of fūe & fortie degrees of America: whiche may bee thought to proceede chiefly of two causes, the one, lest passing further to the North they shall discouer the open passage from the South Sea to our North Sea: the other, because they haue not people enough to possesse & keepe that passage, but rather thereby shoulde open a gappe for other Nations to passe that way." *

It would be tedious to detail, even by name only, the thirty and more expeditions that have been sent to explore that dark and frozen Northland since this century came in. Expeditions that started on "the parallel of Thinae" to solve the mystery of the continent beyond sunken Atlantis have extended within the Arctic circle. At first explorers shipped from the vine-clad hills of knightly Spain, and bore away gayly from the Pillars of Hercules into the West, as Pulci prophesied, and found sunny lands; but many who followed in later centuries have closed their search between grinding icebergs and in storm-bound igloes. The gallant *Jean-nette* is the latest on the sad catalogue, allowing for a comma in the paragraph of Arctic heroism and sorrows, while not a few, in a love for humanity above science, beg devoutly for a period.

It is not surprising that the shifting puzzle of the Egyptian and the Greek and the Genoese led daring explorers farther and farther north, from the Roanoke and Chickahominy to Barrow's Point and Bennett Island. It is surprising that, since some of us began to study the rudiments of American geography under that eminent leader, Jedediah Morse, the throng and struggle have been maintained for a navigable passage through the head of the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In 1803, and about the time of the Louisiana purchase, a French counsellor of state published an *Address to the Government of the United States* on the cession of that Territory, signed "Counsellor." In it he takes occasion to criticise, as most French statesmen do, the action of his own government concerning that magnificent basis for empire in the Mississippi valley. He says: "Instead of turning our efforts toward the West, where are delightful and immense plains to the Southern Ocean, where our advances were obstructed by no enemy and no jarring claims; from which the egress was safe and easy into the Atlantic by the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and into the South sea by a thousand probable streams, we bent the whole

* Hakluyt's *Divers Voyages*, ed. 1850, p. 13.

force of our arms to reduce the English settlers to subjection."* The "Counsellor" does not make the salt spray of the Pacific break into the Roanoke, but he has carried the delusion farther west to the heads of "a thousand probable streams." This was as late as 1803. In 1822 Jedediah Morse, theologian, traveler, and geographer, rendered to the Secretary of War a *Report on the Indian Question*, which had been submitted to him for personal examination on the Indian grounds. A map of the United States accompanied the report. Unto the port and bay of San Francisco there is outlined a river coming down from the interior, with this legend running along its banks: "Supposed river between the Buenaventura and the Bay of Francisco, which will probably be the communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific." This river, the remains of the "Straits of Anian" in 1822, connects obscurely on the map with a lake, back of which salt plains are located, and farther back is the Salt Lake of to-day. But one other fact is stranger still in this American puzzle in geography. In 1846, Monette, in his very excellent *History of the Mississippi Valley*, has this passage: "Every nation of Western Europe had been enthusiastic with the hope of discovering a direct route by water to China, and all had searched for it in vain. It was believed by some that the pioneers of New France would have all the glory of the great discovery, and France would reap the advantages of the direct trade. To the disappointment of the commercial world, this route still remains as much unknown as it was two hundred years ago, and such it will remain until it is opened by the way of the Oregon river or the Bay of California." One is hardly prepared for such a declaration, written about forty years ago, by a well-accredited American historian. The commercial world by schooner and brig or steamer over the divide from the Missouri to the Oregon! Merchant ships and steam vessels down the western slopes of the Nevadas and over the Coast Range mountains, and across the great wheat-plains to the Bay of California! But the dream, three hundred years old, will prepare us to receive this delusion also.

In the gross geographical darkness which enveloped the interior of North America in the last half of the seventeenth century, we cannot be surprised that in 1672 Count Frontenac believed that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of California. In the year following, Joliet, in a company of six others, one of whom was Marquette, with two birch canoes, smoked meat, and Indian corn, came down the Wisconsin and rounded to in the eddies of the great river at Prairie du Chien, a discovery how grand and yet so simple. Immediately after his voyage of exploration, Joliet

* "Political Pamphlets," Boston *Athenaeum*, 1803.

made a small map of the river for Count Frontenac. The valley of the Mississippi is called on this map "Colbertie ou Amerique Occidentale." The Missouri is indicated without name, but bears this inscription: "By one of these great rivers which come from the West, and discharge themselves into the River Colbert [Mississippi], one will find a way to enter the Vermillion sea [Gulf of California]." On a third map of Joliet's, soon following, he portrays the continent, giving it in outline from Hudson's Straits to Mexico and California, with the Atlantic Ocean and a part of the Pacific, an open sea, extending from the Straits of Hudson to the Pacific.

All which is unsurprising and pardonable in consideration of the times. But that a historian of the valley of the Mississippi should be under a kindred delusion forty years ago is explainable only in the fact that "America is the world's puzzle in geography." And the amazement and amusement still continue, while men of much provincial prominence, and even persons of foreign travel, grope and stumble as blind men over our continental interior and interoceanic highways.

W. Barrow

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

PRESIDENT WELLING'S REPLY TO GENERAL WILCOX

I observe in the January number of the *Magazine of American History* an article signed by General C. M. Wilcox on the so-called Mecklenburg declaration of independence, in which the writer, referring to a former paper of mine on the same subject in the *North American Review* for April, 1874, taxes me with being "faulty" in my logic, "inaccurate" in my statements, and "misleading" in my presentation of the evidence on this topic. Not satisfying himself with this prodigality of epithets, the gallant general adds that he does not propose to follow me "in the thirty-six pages of my article, nor to show how I reasoned myself into the real or pretended belief that the so-called Mecklenburg declaration of independence is a 'canard,' a 'fabrication,' and a 'fraud.'"

Forbearing any retort to the imputation on my candor in the gratuitous hypothesis that I may have reasoned in support of a "pretended belief," and simply premising, by way of illustrating the freedom with which General Wilcox writes, that the words "canard" and "fabrication" do not occur in the article to which he refers, and that the allegation of "fraud" in connection with the Mecklenburg declaration is expressly declared by me in that article to be unnecessary to my argument, I proceed at once to do for my censor what I could wish he had been willing to do for me. That is, I purpose to review *his* argument without resort to epithets or insinuations.

In the first place, I have to say that, while the article of General Wilcox is not at all remarkable for what it contains, it is very remarkable for what it omits. The reader who should know nothing about the so-called Mecklenburg declaration of independence in 1775, save that which is to be found in the compend rehearsed by General Wilcox, would know nothing at all about the real *crux* involved in this whole historical contention. That *crux* turns on the question whether the evidence popularly cited in North Carolina in support of the genuineness and authenticity of the declaration alleged to have been made on the 20th of May, 1775, should be understood as really relating to that publication, or to a later series of resolutions known to have been adopted by the same county on the 31st of May, 1775, as to the genuineness and authenticity of which there is no dispute whatsoever.

The text of the so-called declaration of May 20th is too well known to call for fresh recital. The resolutions of May 31st, twenty in number, are too voluminous to be here quoted textually. They proceed on the assumption specified in the preamble that the British parliament, by declaring the American colonies "in a state of actual rebellion," had left the American people free to consider that "all laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the king and parliament were annulled," and that consequently the civil constitution "of each particular colony" had been "wholly suspended." To meet the emergencies thus created for Mecklenburg county, in common with the whole country, the resolutions further declare, *inter alia*, that all civil and military commissions in that county, as previously granted by the crown, "are null and void;" that all legislative and executive powers are vested in the provincial congress of each colony under the direction of the continental congress; that in the mean time the people of Mecklenburg should proceed to form certain rules for the civil government of the county; that the military officers of the county, *when chosen by the people*, should exercise their several powers by virtue of such popular choice "and independent of the crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province;" that any person thereafter receiving or exercising a commission from the crown "should be deemed an enemy to his country;" that these resolutions should be "in full force and virtue until instructions from the provincial congress regulating the jurisprudence of the province should provide otherwise, *or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America*;" and, finally, as an evidence that the framers of these resolutions were in earnest, it is ordered that the eight militia companies of the county should provide themselves with proper arms and accoutrements, and that Colonel Thomas Polk and Dr. Joseph Kennedy should be appointed to purchase on behalf of the county "three hundred pounds of powder, six hundred pounds of lead, and one thousand flints."

General Wilcox gives what he says are the five resolutions which constitute the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, though he omits to tell us that there are two or three other variants of these resolutions. If it were proper to mention that Judge Martin in his *History of North Carolina* adds a sixth resolution to the series, it would have been still more proper to explain where the judge found it, and what was the origin of the variation in the phraseology of the preceding five, since each of the variants cannot be equally genuine. General Wilcox supports the genuineness of the text which he gives by citing the certificate appended to it

in the original publication made for the first time in the *Raleigh Register* of April 30, 1819. That certificate was as follows:

"The foregoing is a true copy of the papers on the above subject left in my hands by John McKnitt Alexander, deceased. I find it mentioned on file that the original book was burned April, 1800; that a copy of the proceedings was sent to Hugh Williamson in New York, then writing a history of North Carolina, and that a copy was sent to Gen. W. R. Davie. J. McKnitt"

The "J. McKnitt" who signs this certificate is known to have been Dr. Joseph McKnitt Alexander, a son of the John McKnitt Alexander who is mentioned in its body. It is said that he was in the habit of dropping his natural patronymic in order to prevent a confusion of his identity in a county abounding with "Alexanders."

After citing this certificate, General Wilcox very strangely omits to inform the reader that the "copy of the proceedings," mentioned in it as having been "sent to General W. R. Davie," was afterwards discovered, and that to *this* copy a very different certificate was found to be attached—a certificate, too, authenticated by the full and proper name of John McKnitt Alexander himself, and not a certificate given avowedly at second hand, like that signed by his son "J. McKnitt." This original certificate runs as follows: (The italics are mine.)

"It may be worthy of notice here to observe that the foregoing statement, *though fundamentally correct, may not literally correspond with the original record of the transactions of said Delegation and Court of Enquiry*, as all those records and papers were burnt with the house on April 6, 1800; but previous to that time of 1800 a full copy of said records, at the request of Dr. Hugh Williamson, then of New York, but formerly a representative in Congress from this State, was forwarded to him by Col. William Polk, in order that those early transactions might fill their proper place in a history of this State then writing by said Dr. Williamson of New York.

"Certified to the best of my recollection and belief, this 3d day of September, 1800.

"J. McK. Alexander."

With this full certificate before us, we see that the certificate published by "J. McKnitt" in 1819 was only a truncated form of the certificate which had been attached to the "Davie copy" by his father. We see, too, that John McKnitt Alexander, in reproducing the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," professed to be only "fundamentally correct" in his reminiscences. He frankly stated that these reminiscences might not "literally correspond" with the original records (how could they, when the records had all been burnt?); and as if these honest *caveats* were not enough to prevent misconception, he was careful to certify only according to his "best recollection and belief."

As water in finding its natural level can never rise higher than its source, so the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" can never rise higher than its natural level in these "recollections" and "beliefs" of its original sponsor. This full certificate was published for the first time, so far as I know, by the Rev. Prof. Charles Phillips, D.D., in an elaborate article contributed by him to the *North Carolina University Magazine* of May, 1853. When Prof. Phillips wrote his article, the "Davie copy" of the declaration had been placed in his hands by Governor Swain, then President of North Carolina University, who had temporarily removed the copy from the archives of the state department at Raleigh, that it might be subjected to a critical inspection. After making his transcript of it, Prof. Phillips returned the "Davie copy" to Governor Swain. It is now reported to be lost or mislaid, but the authenticity of the certificate, as transcribed and published by Prof. Phillips, has never been questioned. I have private letters from him in which he confirms the textual accuracy of the certificate as given above in its integrity. His high personal character is a sufficient guarantee for his loyalty to truth in this matter. Moreover, as the document at the time of its publication was still in the custody of Governor Swain, it is impossible that a member of his faculty, writing with his full cognizance, could have published a falsification of the document without instantaneous detection and exposure.

It is greatly to be lamented, in the interest of historic faith and verity, that the publication heralded to the world by Dr. Joseph McKnitt in 1819 should have been accompanied by a certificate which omits the most significant and important parts of the certificate attached by his father to the "Davie copy." Whether his father attached different certificates to the several copies he made, or whether the son made an improper condensation of the certificate in 1819, I know not. The facts in the case call for simple statement and not for imputations of fraud.

But it does not need to be said that, if the full and proper certificate made by John McKnitt Alexander in 1800 had been published in 1819 along with the memoranda communicated to the *Raleigh Register* in that year by his son, we should never have been haunted by the Mecklenburg legend of later times. If that legend had been at first published as the "recollections" of a venerable man who had drawn from the well of his memory a series of resolutions which, as originally preserved among his records and papers, had been burnt, the story would have been received at once, in North Carolina and elsewhere, precisely for what it was worth, and nothing more. But, as it was first published in 1819 without the reservations and qualifications made by its compiler, it is natural

that it should have been received in North Carolina as a veracious document—impossible as it then was for the people of this state to know that the very author of the paper had certified to its doubtful character, as being only “fundamentally correct.” I must leave to others, now that the facts are known, the responsibility of ignoring the candor and truthfulness of the man who took so much pains to warn the reader against an overvaluation of his reminiscences.

But General Wilcox cites a cloud of witnesses, all of them, as he says, “respectable parties,” all of them having “personal knowledge of what they certified,” and all of them giving evidence which is “positive and direct” in support of the authenticity of the so-called declaration alleged to have been made at Charlotte, in Mecklenburg county, on the 20th of May, 1775. It is to be regretted, however, that in simply reciting this evidence he accompanies it with no critical analysis whatsoever. When such a critical analysis is made, it will be found that *every one* of the witnesses whom he produces is not so much a witness to the authenticity of the resolutions of May 20th, as to that of the resolutions of May 31st. The testimony which they give is “positive and direct” in its affirmance of the resolutions of May 31st, as being the series which was really in the minds of these witnesses when they were called, some of them forty-four years and some of them fifty-five years after 1775, to bear their testimony in behalf of the Mecklenburg declaration. What makes their testimony the more valuable and decisive to this effect is the fact that when they gave in their written evidence the resolutions of May 31st had not yet been recovered in print. The discovery of this series was first announced in 1838 by Peter Force. Yet so profound was the impression which had been made on the Mecklenburg mind by the resolutions of May 31st, even after they had been lost to sight and had been overlaid by the Alexander reminiscences, that *every one* of the witnesses summoned to sustain the authenticity of the declaration alleged to have been made on the 20th of May, is found (where he recalls any associated facts at all) to have identified his most striking recollections with some feature *peculiar to the resolutions of May 31st*. Even after their memories had been scraped to make room for the Alexander version of the declaration, the remembered facts of the meeting and proceedings of May 31, 1775, are seen perpetually “showing through,” as in a palimpsest. In the composite photograph made on their minds by the old facts and by the new legend, it is the old facts of the meeting held on the 31st of May which will keep reasserting their predominance. The lesson is so curious, and at the same time so honorable to the candor of these witnesses, that, at the risk of some prolixity, I pro-

ceed to make a detailed analysis of *all* the evidence given by the Mecklenburg fathers when they were summoned in 1819 and 1830 to tell what they knew about the declaration of independence alleged to have been made on the 20th of May, 1775. To the facts and to the testimony.

John McKnitt Alexander himself, the author of the Mecklenburg recollections, shows by the text of the fourth and fifth resolutions of his series, and by the accompanying historical note, that he was endeavoring to recall the proceedings of May 31st. He says that the meeting declared the defeasance of all officers, civil and military, then holding under the crown. This is what was done at the meeting of May 31st. He says that the meeting then proceeded to reinstate every military officer of the county in his former command, and *to appoint every member of the delegation who was present a civil officer for the county!* This would have left nothing to be done at the meeting of May 31st. That meeting, we know, provided that *the people should elect their own officers, both civil and military.* The unhistorical nature of Alexander's recollections, even where he is honestly groping for the truth, is set by these facts in the clearest possible light.

It is conceded on all hands that the Mecklenburg manifesto of May, 1775, whatever may have been its tenor, was sent by express to the continental congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. Captain James Jack rode express as its bearer, and he testifies that he allowed the resolutions to be publicly read in open court at Salisbury, the county seat of Rowan, the neighboring county of Mecklenburg. This was early in June, 1775, for Captain Jack testifies that he passed through Salisbury early in June, when on his way to Philadelphia. He further testifies that he heard of only one person in Salisbury who disapproved of the resolutions. This fact ascertains the tenor of the resolutions, for the people of Rowan, at a public meeting held in Salisbury on the 1st of June, had just reaffirmed their loyalty to the British crown, and had formally invoked their brethren of Mecklenburg to unite with them in praying that the two counties "might be allowed to have their chartered rights as British subjects, *with the present House of Hanover in legal succession.*"* The absurdity of such a prayer in case Mecklenburg had "declared independence" on the 20th of May, or the absurdity of supposing that such a "declaration," if made, had not reached the adjoining county of Rowan on the 1st of June, is too apparent to call for remark. Moreover, the royal governor of North Carolina, in a letter under date of June 30, 1775, transmitting to Lord Dartmouth a newspaper copy of certain resolutions, which, as adopted by

* Wheeler: *Historical Sketches of North Carolina*, p. 365.

"the Committee of Mecklenburg," "surpass," he says, "all the horrid and treasonable publications" of that time, reports that the "said resolves" were sent off by express to the congress at Philadelphia "*as soon as they were passed in the committee.*" Before Mr. Bancroft had discovered, in the British state paper office, a newspaper copy of the resolutions of May 31st, it was common to suppose that the governor must have had the declaration of May 20th in his mind, and that when Captain Jack found himself in Salisbury, in the month of June, 1775, he was carrying the declaration of May 20th to Philadelphia. An express rider carrying to Philadelphia a copy of important proceedings had at a meeting in Charlotte on the 20th of May, and arriving in Salisbury, forty miles from Charlotte, *early in the month of June*, would move "the inextinguishable laughter of the gods" in Homer. Yet the humor of this comical situation never dawns on the mind of an orthodox believer in the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence at Charlotte Town on the 20th of May, 1775! Let us pass to other witnesses.

Alphonso Alexander, Amos Alexander, and J. McKnitt unite in testifying that they had frequently heard William S. Alexander say that he met Captain Jack in Philadelphia on the day that "General Washington left Philadelphia to take command of the northern army." This was the 23d of June, 1775. Captain Jack was then in Philadelphia as the bearer of the Mecklenburg resolutions. We have already inferred the date of these resolutions, but, in further evidence, it is to be added that *a few days after June 23d* the resolutions of *May 31st* are found to have been published in the northern newspapers. The inference is easy. They were the resolutions which Jack brought.

Francis Cummins, another of the witnesses, testifies that he "cannot keep the dates," but that Captain Jack brought back to the Mecklenburgers the "thanks" of congress for their zeal, while advising patience "till congress should take the measures thought to be best." As the congress at that time was sedulously and honestly bent on a policy of reconciliation, it is plain that a declaration of independence would have startled the assembly from its propriety instead of eliciting "thanks." But such a message was entirely in keeping with the resolutions of May 31st.

General Joseph Graham testifies that among the "reasons" offered for declaring independence was one alleging that "the king or ministry had, by proclamation or some edict, declared the colonies out of the protection of the British crown." Now, this is the very sum and substance of the preamble of the resolutions adopted on the 31st of May. No such "reason" is formulated in the alleged series of May 20th.

The Rev. Humphrey Hunter testifies that, in connection with the resolutions, "a set of laws and regulations for the government of a standing committee of Public Safety was enacted and acknowledged." This was the formal work of the meeting held on the 31st of May.

George Graham, William Hutchinson, Jonas Clark, and Robert Robinson unite in averring that, at the time of the Mecklenburg declaration, "a Committee of Safety for the county were elected, who were clothed with civil and military power" for the trial of disaffected persons. The ordinances to this effect were adopted at the meeting of May 31st.

John Simeson testifies that the same committee which made the declaration (whatever it was) "appointed three men to secure all the military stores for the county's use—Thomas Polk, John Phifer, and Joseph Kennedy." This is a very accurate reminiscence of the precise terms of the 20th resolution in the series of May 31st. Simeson, in the lapse of time—forty-five years—had simply added one member too many to the military committee. He was right as to Thomas Polk and Joseph Kennedy. No such committee is named in the resolutions of May 20th.

Isaac Alexander certifies that Dr. Ephraim Brevard was the secretary of the meeting which passed the declaration. Dr. Ephraim Brevard is the recorded secretary of the meeting held on the 31st of May.

John Davidson certifies that, at the meeting which he attended, Dr. Ephraim Brevard was appointed "to give us a sketch of the declaration of independence, which he did." It is known that Dr. Ephraim Brevard drafted the resolutions of May 31st.

This completes the roll-call of all the witnesses summoned in this historical inquest, except two—Samuel Wilson and James Johnson, who testify to no particular facts at all in connection with the alleged declaration.

In the mere matter of the competing dates—May 20th or May 31st—the great preponderance of the testimony of these witnesses is against fixing the date at May 20th. Captain Jack, Samuel Wilson, and James Johnson will only say that the meeting was held "in May;" John Simeson, that it was held "towards the close of May;" John Davidson, that the declaration was made "twelve months before that of congress;" and Francis Cummins, that it was made "before July 4, 1776." Alphonso Alexander, Amos Alexander, and J. McKnitt represent that they have heard it said that Captain Jack bore a declaration made on May 20th. George Graham, William Hutchinson, Jonas Clark, and Robert Robinson testify to the date of May 20th only on their "best recollection and belief"—a testimony rendered at a time when the series of May 31st had not been yet resuscitated from the oblivion into which it had fallen.

In the disputed matter of the secretaryship of the meeting which passed the "Declaration," the testimony is still more emphatic against the accuracy of the Alexander reminiscences. Alexander says, in the historical note accompanying the supposed resolutions of May 20th, that *he* was the sole secretary of that meeting. Dr. Ephraim Brevard is the recorded secretary of the meeting which passed the resolutions of May 31st. Now, among all these witnesses, there is only one who confirms the recollection of John McKnitt Alexander on this point. Six witnesses name Ephraim Brevard as the secretary, and one witness names them both in this relation.

That, among the witnesses specially called to substantiate the alleged declaration of May 20th, there should be this preponderance of testimony in favor of the resolutions of May 31st—first, on the score of *obiter dicta* dropped in these testifications; secondly, on the score of the dates; and, thirdly, on the score of the disputed secretaryship—is a very surprising fact. But the fact, for being surprising, only attests the more strongly the reality of the manifesto they were "feeling after" in a darkness which had been rendered visible by the publication of "J. McKnitt" in 1819. Beset as they were with "leading questions," honestly put and honestly answered after a discussion arose as to the genuineness and authenticity of the "declaration," they are found throwing the weight of their testimony on the side of the resolutions of May 31st—that is, when their testimony is carefully weighed instead of being idly counted by tale.

Of these resolutions it need not be said that they are very wise and very magnanimous declarations—but they are not a declaration of independence. It is easy, however, to perceive how they might have been transfigured into such a supposed declaration, when, the record-books of Mecklenburg having been burnt, they were seen through the prismatic glass of John McKnitt Alexander's imperfect memory, and came to be blended in that memory with scraps from Richard Henry Lee's resolution of July 2, 1776, and with a single but most familiar passage in Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of our National Independence.

It remains to say that we are not left on this question to mere inferences drawn from documentary evidence in order to affirm more positively that it was the resolutions of May 31st which Captain Jack carried to the continental congress at Philadelphia in the month of June, 1775. We have proof to this effect which is *positive, direct, and cogent*. As has been already said, Mr. Brancroft found THESE resolutions in the British state paper office, and we have the certificate* of Sir Thomas Duffers

* For a copy of this certificate I am indebted to my friend, Daniel R. Goodloe, Esq., of North Carolina.

Hardy, deputy keeper of the records, that "no copy of the declaration of the 20th of May, 1775, though searched for several times" has ever been found in that office. It is therefore the resolutions of May 31st that Governor Martin must have transmitted when he wrote to Lord Dartmouth under date of June 30, 1775: "A copy of THESE resolves, I am informed, was sent off by express to the congress at Philadelphia as soon as they were passed." *

But the contemporaneous evidence does not end here. It has been seen that the resolutions of May 31st enacted regulations for the civil government of Mecklenburg county, only "until the provincial congress should provide otherwise, or until the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America." If, then, the Mecklenburg patriots passed a declaration of independence on the 20th of May, they recanted it ten days afterward. Is it worth while to tax them with this infirmity of purpose on the strength of J. McKnitt Alexander's reminiscences?

Nor is this all. The prime movers of the alleged declaration of May 20th are said to have been Colonel Thomas Polk and John McKnitt Alexander. Waightstill Avery and John Phifer are numbered among the putative "signers" of the "Declaration" of May 20th. Now, these four men were members of the North Carolina provincial congress, which met at Hillsborough on the 20th of August, 1775. As members of that congress, these Mecklenburg patriots, in common with their associates, all signed a "Test of Loyalty and Patriotism" which commenced with "professing allegiance to the king and acknowledging the constitutional executive power of government." Who wishes to believe that the men who plighted their honor to such a profession had signed a declaration of independence on the 20th of May preceding, and had then, for the "maintenance" of that declaration, "solemnly pledged to each other their mutual co-operation; their lives, their fortunes, and their most sacred honor"? Yet this is the pledge they then made, according to the reminiscences of John McKnitt Alexander. Are those reminiscences worth more than the "sacred honor" of these men?

* In the last number of this magazine, Mr. Wm. Harden, librarian of the Georgia historical society, calls attention to the fact that, in a letter dated June 20, 1775, Sir James Wright, the royal governor of Georgia, transmitted to the earl of Dartmouth certain "extraordinary resolves of the people of Charlotte Town, Mecklenburg County." Mr. Harden thinks the letter may be an "addition to the authorities cited by General Wilcox." It is indeed a very valuable "addition," but it works by subtraction from his "authorities." Mr. Bancroft found that the "extraordinary resolves" transmitted by Governor Wright were those of May 31, 1775. He found them with the original letter transmitting them.

Nor is this all. On the 8th of September, 1775, these same delegates from Mecklenburg united with their colleagues of the provincial congress in the unanimous adoption of an address to the inhabitants of Great Britain, in which they said: "We have been told that independence is our object; that we seek to shake off all connection with the parent state. *Cruel suggestion! Do not all our professions, all our actions contradict this?*" Could the men from Mecklenburg have said this in September, 1775, if they had joined in a declaration of independence on the 20th of May, 1775? They were Christian men, and they fervently searched the very intents of their hearts in disclaiming disloyalty to the British crown. They said in the same address: "We again declare and *we invoke the Almighty Being who searches the recesses of the human heart and knows our most secret intentions*, that it is our *earnest wish and prayer* to be restored with the other colonies to that state in which we and they were placed before the year 1763."

But the language which they hold in this address is entirely consistent with the resolutions of May 31st. The address continues: "Whenever we have departed from the forms of the constitution, our own safety and self-preservation have dictated the expedient. . . . As soon as the cause of our fears and apprehensions is removed, *with joy will we return these powers to their regular channels*; and such institutions, formed from mere necessity, shall end with the necessity which created them." This is a declaration in which the upholders of the resolutions of May 31st could have joined with entire candor and honor.

It is common to allege that the declaration of May 20th was made subject to the control of congress, and that, after congress refused to approve the act, the members from Mecklenburg could candidly say in September, that "all their professions and actions" made the charge of aiming at independence a "cruel suggestion." The plea is submitted without comment.

When a tradition like the Mecklenburg *mythus*, confessed by its framer to be drawn from "recollections," can be shown at the threshold to be improbable, and not only improbable but incredible, and not only incredible but morally impossible, and yet can find ready believers and zealous champions, we should not be surprised at any amount of facility betrayed in the acceptance of statements which make for the alleged declaration, or at any amount of skepticism displayed in the rejection of statements which make against it. The student of history must make his account with this psychological trait at a thousand points. It is not at all peculiar to Mecklenburg or to North Carolina. But a few illus-

trations of this psychological peculiarity spring naturally out of the present discussion.

When General Wilcox writes that in my *North American Review* article I reasoned myself into the belief that the Mecklenburg declaration was a "fraud," he had before him the words in which that allegation was pronounced unnecessary. Yet nobody will suspect General Wilcox of any intentional misstatement. An orthodox disciple who prefers to have more faith in the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration than the author of the recollections concerning it was willing to avow, should not be expected to measure the force of human language when he writes on this topic.

It was long a current tradition of the Brevard family, in North Carolina, after the popular symbolism of the alleged declaration of independence had prevailed over the more prosaic text of the resolutions of May 31st, that their ancestor in writing the "declaration" had been inspired by the "Westminster Confession of Faith." For merely reproducing this tradition, on the published authority of a member of the Brevard family, I have been charged by my friend, the late Governor William A. Graham, with making an "unfounded statement." The charge was not only harsh, as coming from one of the most candid of men, but was also not a little adventurous; for there are very few men who can afford to make their ignorance the boundary of other men's knowledge. Governor Graham did not know, of course, at the time of his writing, that I had in my hands, and still have in my hands, private proof, as well as published proof, from a member of the Brevard family, affirming the literal accuracy of my statement.*

General Wilcox hastens to believe that the reason why Williamson makes no mention of the Mecklenburg declaration in his history was that he "stopped his narrative at 1770." This stoppage of his narrative has not, however, prevented Williamson from recording the discovery of "a subterranean wall in Rowan county" as late as 1794, and from giving the abbreviated statistics of the cotton crop for 1811! The descendants of John McKnitt Alexander were not so easily pacified on this subject. Joseph Wallis, a grandson of the said Alexander, tells us that he saw his father stamp on Williamson's book, on receiving a copy of it, because it made no mention of the "Declaration."† Yet there was an excellent

* See *National Intelligencer*, November 6, 1857. Also, *The True Witness* (a Presbyterian newspaper of New Orleans), May 26, 1860.

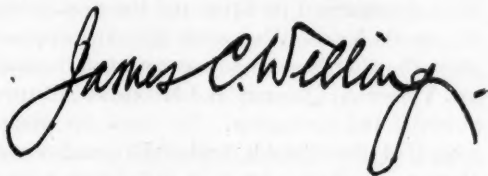
Cf. MS. letter from the Rev. R. E. Sherrill, of Sherman, Texas writing to me from his personal knowledge of the tradition, as derived from a niece of Dr. Ephraim Brevard.

† See *The National Intelligencer*, August 12, 1857.

reason why the book should have contained no hint of the "Declaration;" for it appears from the full and proper certificate of John McKnitt Alexander that Dr. Williamson was favored with a copy of the "records and papers" on this subject *before they had been burnt!*

Governor Graham in his centennial address lays much emphasis on the fact that General Jackson had in his possession a copy of the Mecklenburg declaration of May 20th, "printed on satin and in a gilt frame." The origin of this "satin copy" was admitted to be unknown, but, from the large space given to it in his address, Governor Graham evidently held it to be of some circumstantial value, at least as showing the faith of General Jackson in the premises. Scarcely had Governor Graham sent to me a copy of his address when I was placed in correspondence with the printer, Colonel Heiskell, of Knoxville, Tenn., who had put that satin copy to the press! "Yes," he said, "I set it myself in 1825, or about that year. You can see our imprint plainly enough on the fac-simile copy: 'Heiskell & Brown, printers.'"* This fac-simile was published in the *New York Herald* of May 20, 1875, as being the oldest copy of the declaration "yet discovered in print," and as probably dating about the year 1800!

General Wilcox points with satisfaction to the fact that excellent historians, like Hildreth, Washington Irving, Jones, Wheeler, and others have lent credit to the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration. But these historians must be confronted with such *critical* students of history as Bancroft and the late Peter Force, who both remit this story to the limbo of unauthenticated tradition. In the monumental work of Winsor—the *Narrative and Critical History of America*—it is frankly stated, after a brief *résumé* of the controversy, that the opinion of "students" is generally adverse to the authenticity of the alleged declaration.† It is simply as such a student that I have borne a humble part in this discussion, inspired to the task, I hope, by the love of historic truth, and certainly inspired with a profound veneration for the patriotic men of Mecklenburg, who first struck the key-note of political and civil reconstruction in 1775.



* A full account of this "satin copy" is given by the printer of it in the Knoxville (Tenn.) daily *Press and Herald* of May 23, 1875.

† Winsor: *Narrative and Critical History*, vol. vi., p. 256.

DU PONT DE NEMOURS

The Du Pont family have long been known as the great powder manufacturers of the country. Their works at Wilmington, Delaware, and their branches and business in other places, have given them a commercial reputation hardly equaled in any other calling. During the long period from the beginning of the century down to our own time in which the successive generations of the Du Ponts have carried on their works, many members of the family have gained distinction by their services in the army and navy. In the war of 1812 they were represented, and in the war for the Union Admiral Du Pont and Colonel Henry Du Pont were both men of mark.* As a rule, however, it may be said that the Du Ponts have been a singularly modest race, and even of those still active in business few know the great knowledge or the still greater measure of success that has rewarded their industry. Their firm name, "Du Pont de Nemours," still keeps alive the name of the founder of the family long settled in this country, and an exhaustive memoir of him by G. Schelle, recently published in Paris by Guillaumin, while giving most space to his services as a political economist, also tells the story of his life in a way that cannot fail to interest all who know the name so honorably borne by his descendants in our own day and generation.

Born in Paris, December 18th, 1739, the scion of an old Huguenot family of Rouen, carefully educated by his mother, he was noted already in his twelfth year for his knowledge, tried to get employment in the engineer corps of the army, in the navy, studied medicine, wrote verses and tragedies, drew plans of fortifications, and at twenty submitted to Choiseul a plan for encouraging agriculture, establishing domestic free trade, suppressing taxes, and remodeling the financial system of France. At twenty-three he married for love, and the next year, in 1743, on the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, made his first appearance as the author of a pamphlet showing how to adjust national income and expenditure. Voltaire and Voisenon, Quesnay and Mirabeau, all approved the efforts of the young publicist and economist. He took his place at once among the growing school of the French economists, and his next book was dedicated to Madame de Pompadour, who died just before the book reached the pub-

* A fine portrait of Admiral Du Pont was published in this magazine in October, 1885 [Vol. XIV., 329].

lic, thus depriving the young author and his fellow economists of the strong support her influence had given them. It is characteristic of the man that he refused to withdraw the dedication, thus attesting his independence and honesty. He was for a short time the editor of the *Journal of Agriculture*, the organ of the school of economists to which he belonged, the physiocrats, and earnestly advocated in it many important reforms in French local and national finances and administration. He continued to urge them in a succession of pamphlets and books, which were heartily praised by Turgot and other great authorities. A follower of Quesnay, he advanced from theories to practice, and successfully introduced reforms that anticipated many of the changes finally adopted after the French revolution, and the awful sacrifice of life and treasure in the great wars of Napoleon, thus pointing the way to real national economy. He was then as ever, in the language of Madame de Stael, the most chivalric champion of liberty in France, and successively urged the abolition of slavery, the repeal of the game laws, liberty of the press, relief from the laws controlling labor, suppression of the harsh system of taxation and the feudal services still in force, reform in public charity, a change in the revenue laws, free trade in grain, the abolition of all the internal taxes that prevented the growth of trade and commerce in France, the repeal of the monopolies that enabled the French East and West Indies Companies to crush the colonies of France—all of these were among the subjects of his fertile pen, his acute intelligence, his exhaustless energy.

He found more prompt recognition abroad than at home, and Gustavas Vasa, of Sweden, and the Margrave of Baden, regularly employed him to assist them in governing their kingdoms on the economical basis proposed by him for France. Franklin especially commended Du Pont's economic tables prepared to give the people of Baden some notion of the general rules urged by him as economic truths. A very full statement, examination and discussion of his economic principles may be found in the pages of Schelle's account of him, for Schelle is more of a critic than of a biographer. Du Pont, the man, however, is of more interest than his writings. He had left Paris to live in Baden, and had left Baden to become tutor in the family of the Polish Prince, Czartoryski, when Turgot, made one of the French ministry, recalled him to France, and made him inspector general of manufactures.

From this time, 1774-5, he became an important authority, making real reforms in local, national, and even international commercial relations, and preventing injury being done by the numerous experiments that were then being tried in France and elsewhere. He worked with the

foremost men of France for its economic and political regeneration, but when he was turned out of office, he found amusement in writing a comedy about Joseph II. of Austria, and a French version of the *Orlando Furioso*, a work completed in 1815 on his second voyage to the United States. Poetry was always a resource for him in exile or adverse circumstances. Out of office he was the correspondent of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Sweden, the Margrave of Baden, keeping them advised of current events in politics, science, literature and art. Part of his leisure he devoted to studying medicine. Himself the purest and most devoted of husbands, he spent time and infinite trouble in trying to regulate the disastrous career of Mirabeau, who was false to every domestic tie and to every claim of friendship. Returning to office under Necker, he devoted himself to the administration of local finances and other important questions, patent rights, port duties, relief of special taxes, and then, after friendly correspondence with the leading English economists, conducted the official negotiations for the definitive Treaty of Peace of 1782.

He was so inimical to England that he did his best to prolong hostilities, in order that France should find some substantial compensation for the sacrifices made in its support of the colonies in their struggle for independence. He was the real author of the Treaty of 1786 between France and England, which practically threw open the colonial ports of the British dominion to French industries. He corresponded with Franklin on the best way of gaining a foothold in the United States for the products of France. He strove hard to regulate the tariff of France and those of its neighbors, so as to enlarge the market for his countrymen. His efforts were just about to be crowned with success when the French revolution intervened, and the European wars and the despotism of Napoleon shut France up in the close corner from which it is only slowly emerging to take its proper place, designated for it a century ago, as one of the great trading communities of the world. Du Pont took an active part in the Constituent Assembly of 1787, trying to secure the adoption of his old plan of provincial and municipal legislatures, and of new reforms, political and financial, including the abolition of those internal local taxes that weighed so heavily on the growth of industry. As far back as 1762 Du Pont had prepared the plan which he now urged as a remedy for many of the existing and confessed evils in French local government. When the subject of a Constitution for France was under discussion, he was one of the foremost to point to that of the United States as giving the best promise of a successful solution of the difficult problem of government. In the Assembly he was active on the floor, industrious in a dozen committees,

and a recognized leader of the popular party of moderate liberals, taking his place with Lafayette, Si  y  s, Trudaine, Talleyrand. Mirabeau quarreled with him, Marat insulted him, Robespierre threatened him, but he was everywhere recognized as a sound authority on questions of finance, although it was in vain that he strove to bring the legislation on the subject within the bounds of economical reason.

His warnings were soon realized, but too late to apply the remedies that he had prescribed in advance. Elected to the presidency of the Assembly, he lost his important post in the financial administration, and forced to earn his living, he established a printing office and opened a book store. He and his son joined in the last effort to protect the king, who thanked him for being found as usual where he was most wanted. His life was only saved by being hidden and disguised, until he was finally imprisoned, but shortly after released. Well satisfied of the defects of the new constitution, he sturdily supported it, and, elected to the Council of Ancients, resisted the arbitrary pretensions of the Council of Five Hundred and the Directory. Founding a journal, supported by the best men around him, both by pen and voice, he sought to secure sound financial legislation, and to prevent unwise and mischievous laws.

Once more arrested, he owed his safety to Madame de Stael, and under pressure, resolved to go to the United States, where his eldest son had been established for some time. He tried to establish a banking and commercial business in New York, but that failed, mainly from his patriotic efforts to supply the French fleet in the West Indies. He was heartily welcomed in the United States, where he found Jefferson, then vice-president, and many others who had known him in France.

His book on education was written after very careful study of the question in his new home. He left it to return to France to try to urge his claim on the French government for the money lost in his effort to send provisions to the troops in the West Indies, but he was unsuccessful. Thus at sixty years of age he was without means and without employment.

He was three years secretary and for three years more president of the Chamber of Commerce, and worked faithfully in many societies for the relief of the poor, a subject that was always near his heart. He labored to effect Jefferson's purpose of securing Louisiana by purchase from Napoleon; he published the works of his great master, Turgot; he read scientific papers before the Institute; and in 1807 was glad to accept the post of sub-librarian at the Arsenal, occupying his leisure in charitable work and philosophical discussions. In 1814, at seventy-five, he joined the National Guard to resist the allies. The Bourbons restored, he was made secretary

of the Provisional Government and a member of the Council of State, but on the return of Napoleon from Elba he again took refuge in the United States, preferring exile to the tyranny that threatened France.

He joined his sons at their home near Wilmington, Delaware, dying there on the 7th August, 1817, in his seventy-seventh year. His death was heard in France with great respect for his long, honorable, and patriotic services. His name is borne in the country of his adoption by a succession of men who have proved themselves worthy of such a progenitor. He had two sons. The elder, Victor, after a good training in the government service at home, was sent, in 1787, to the United States as secretary of legation for the first French minister. Franklin welcomed him, and gave a good account of his promise of future excellence. In 1798 he was sent as consul to Charleston, but returned to France, where he met his father and brother on their way to the United States. Joining them, he began in New York the banking house which soon failed, and then went to Wilmington, Delaware, where his brother, Irénée, had already established his powder factory. He died in 1827, after a very honorable and successful mercantile career, leaving a large family.

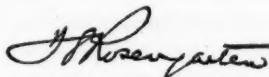
The second son, Irénée, was a godson of Turgot, had helped his father in his printing, had stood by his side in defending the king, and had shared his imprisonment. On his arrival in the United States he found the need of a domestic supply of good gunpowder, returned to France to study its manufacture, then came to the United States again, began work at Wilmington, Delaware, and slowly built up a business, which, in the hands of his sons and grandsons, has become one of the great industries of the country. He died in 1834. The mother of these sons was Mademoiselle Lédée de Rencourt, who was married to their father in 1762, and died in 1784. In 1794 Du Pont married Madame Poivre, who died in Paris in 1830.

The second son of Victor was Admiral Du Pont, one of the distinguished officers of the United States Navy. Of a later generation is Colonel Henry Du Pont, who graduated at West Point, and gained great honor by his services as a young artillery officer during the war of the rebellion. Other members of the family have been noted for their public spirit, but the marked feature of the whole family, and of every member of it, is the modesty with which they, one and all, avoid any public recognition of their many gifts and benefactions.

This characteristic modesty has perhaps prevented general acknowledgment of the merits of their distinguished ancestor in the country of his adoption, the home of his sons and of his descendants. His literary activity was such that the list of his works from 1763 to 1817 covers many

pages, there being a hundred and ten titles, some of them works of many volumes, ranging through all branches of economical science, over many purely literary subjects, and touching many important points in French government during his long connection with its administration.

A list of eight biographies shows that his countrymen appreciated his merits, and from 1818, when three sketches of him were published by Gerando and other economists, down to 1870, when Lavergue printed an account of his life and writings, he has been honored by the good opinion of the best men and minds of France. The last biography, that of G. Schelle, is of value as a contribution not only to our better knowledge of so notable and interesting a character as Du Pont de Nemours, but as an exhaustive account of the school of economists of which he was a shining light.* The man, however, was even better than his writings, and the story of his life is well worth telling.



* *Du Pont de Nemours and the Physiocratic School*, by G. Schelle. Paris, Guillaumin, 1888. 8vo, pp. 456, with Portrait.

GERMAN SOCIAL AND FAMILY LIFE

The origin of the Germanic race lies far back in the twilight of history. No authentic records of the earlier inhabitants of Germany exist. Before the time of Julius Cæsar, the Romans knew very little of the people who dwelt east of the Rhine and north of the Danube. The European Continent north of the Alps was for the most part one vast, mysterious forest. But the invasion of Gaul by the Roman armies developed the fact that the country beyond the Rhine was inhabited by a numerous people, given to agriculture—a race, say the Roman writers, “free from any foreign intermixture, as proved by their physiognomy; with fierce, blue eyes, deep-yellow hair, a robust frame and gigantic height; inured to cold and hunger, but not to thirst and heat; warlike, honest, faithful, friendly and unsuspicious toward friends, but toward enemies cunning and dissembling; scorning every restraint, considering independence as the most precious of all things, and therefore ready to give up life rather than liberty. . . . Valor was the grace of man, chastity the virtue of woman.”

Such were the aboriginal Germans. They had no towns or cities, but dwelt mostly in small communities, holding property in common. They were divided into over fifty tribes, of which the Alemanni, Suevi, Burgundians, Goths, Vandals and others figure conspicuously in ancient history. After Cæsar's victory over Ariovistus and his conquest of Gaul, the Roman armies overran much of the country, and established a line of fortified outposts from the Rhine to the Danube. The present city of Mayence on the Rhine was the headquarters of the army of Drusus, and to this day relics of the Drusus colony and garrison continue to be found there whenever a fresh excavation is made, insomuch that the city possesses a remarkably interesting museum of such antiquities, reflecting alike the customs, superstitions and vices of the Romans. The old city of Trèves, in the valley of the Moselle, possesses an immense Roman amphitheatre, and a great three-storied Roman gateway (*Porta Nigra*), rivaling in its stately dimensions any of the triumphal arches which survive imperial Rome.

At a place called Saalburg, on a spur of the Taunus mountains, twenty-five miles east of the Rhine, have been found, within recent years, the well-defined outlines of a fortified Roman camp, with parapets and

ditches, and stones all set, designating by their positions and chiseled numerals the camp boundaries of the legions. Here, too, in the adjacent wilderness, have been found entombed, in small earthen jars, the ashes of the dead who expired during the Roman occupation. I happened to be present upon an occasion when one of these jars was exhumed from the spot where it had lain for at least 1,500 years, and saw removed from it the little Roman coin placed there, in accordance with the ancient superstition, to pay the ferriage of the departed across the Stygian river.

Only a few years ago the remains of a Roman soldier in full armor were exhumed near Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in that, as in other parts of the Rhine Valley, Roman remains are from time to time still coming to light. Evidently the Romans came to Germany intending to stay there, and yet they were never more than occupants of the country, for no sooner did they undertake to assert by arms the rights of conquest than they were overwhelmingly defeated.

The political and social life of modern Germany bears the stamp of these ancient experiences and characteristics of the German people. The tribes into which the inhabitants of the country were originally divided perpetuated their distinctions through a long course of feudalities and petty despotisms until they crystallized into the existing German states. The tribal divisions are still traceable in differences of dialect, temperament, physiognomy and social and political customs. The German social estate is therefore a curious conglomerate, a multiform, many-hued, ever-changing mosaic, puzzling and misleading to the superficial student, and comprehensible only through close observation and prolonged and patient study. The sectional and local diversities of the people are endless, and nearly every important town or district has social customs and a form of language peculiar to itself. The province, district, and even city or town from which strangers come are often guessed with precision from their dialect, and dress and manners are likewise significant of provincial identity.

Hence it is that travelers and transient writers give such various and conflicting accounts of the German people. Flitting by rail from town to town, and sojourning mostly in hotels, ordinary tourists see nothing at all of the real social life of the Germans, and yet sometimes presume to tell us all about it. Out of their fragmentary knowledge and superficial impressions newspapers are supplied with flippant correspondence, and whole volumes of misinformation are written.

Generally, too, writers of this class know very little, if anything, of the German language, without a fair knowledge of which it is very difficult to

obtain anything like a correct understanding of the intellectual and social life of the people. Most educated Germans, it is true, speak English more or less fluently, and French is much spoken in social and diplomatic intercourse. But no language brings the stranger into such intimate relations with the people, and so reveals to him their modes of thought, action and feeling, as their native tongue.

To most adult Americans the German is a difficult language to learn, and not especially attractive. Macaulay is said to have mastered it in three months, which probably means that he acquired in that length of time a fair book knowledge of its grammatical principles. Charles V. called it "the language of horses," but in his day its euphonious and literary possibilities were but dimly realized. Wieland had not then written his "Oberon," almost every stanza of which is music itself; and Lessing, Schiller and Goethe had not given to the world their immortal verse.

The drolleries of the language—its oddities of grammatical construction—its curious compounding and dividing asunder of words—its arbitrary distinctions of gender—all these, together with the difficulties which American travelers and sojourners in Germany experience in assimilating the vernacular of the country, have been duly set forth by our leading American humorist, who has made out of them a very funny chapter of his "Tramp Abroad." The Germans heartily enjoy this mirth at their expense, and are otherwise well repaid for it in the amusement which is furnished them by the linguistic exploits of German-learning Englishmen and Americans. At the same time our Teutonic friends are extremely patient with us, and seldom appear to notice our mistakes. Out of the *débris* of our wrecked sentences and confused misplacements and misconceptions of words and idioms they will quietly gather our meaning, and, when our vocabulary and its power for grammatical mischief are exhausted, they will soothingly remark in good, plain English: "Why, how well you speak German! What excellent progress you have made!"

This considerate treatment of tyros in their language is not only something that we ought to be grateful for and reciprocate; it is also an illustration of what has been called the *politesse de cœur* of the Germans. Their friendly interest in everybody about them, even to strangers and aliens, is a noteworthy trait, amounting, almost, to a national characteristic. A stranger may travel all day with Englishmen, even in the same carriage or *coupe*, and never receive, in word or act, the slightest recognition of his existence. Quite otherwise in Germany. Both on joining and leaving us, our German fellow-travelers will not fail to salute us with their cheery *guten Tag*, and, if not repelled, they will not be apt to omit still further

evidences of their friendly attention. At an English dinner-party, a guest may find himself in a state of solemn isolation amidst strangers to whom he has not been introduced, whom he dare not approach, and by whom he is industriously ignored. The German usage is in pleasant contrast with this. No sooner does the unacquainted guest cross the threshold than the host or hostess takes pains to introduce him to the principal people present, who, in turn, exert themselves to make him feel thoroughly at home in their company.

This "politeness of the heart" finds expression on the most ordinary occasions and in all conditions of life. The servant who presents a glass of beer or a plate of food will accompany it with his good-natured *Gesundheit*, or *guten Appetit*, or *lass' es gut schmecken*; and even the maid who prepares one's bath will not omit her *wohl bekomme's* when all is ready. If you go out to a party or a concert, the *Diener* who helps you on with your overcoat, or into your carriage, will be sure to wish you *viel Vergnügen*, and when you go away on a journey, full many a *glückliche Reise* will follow you. The stranger who sits down at a public table salutes those near him, and when he rises to go away does the same, adding his *gesegnete Mahlzeit* to those with whom he has held conversation. If a gentleman helps a lady to wine at the table, he takes care to pour a little first into his own glass, so that, if any particles of cork or dust should adhere to the mouth of the bottle, he will get them, and not she.

Men seldom wear their hats in their places of business, and customers coming into a business office remove theirs. On leaving such a place it is usual to salute the proprietors and their assistants, particularly when either or both happen to be ladies, as a large majority of the sales-people are. If a customer asks for his *Rechnung*, it is sure to be indorsed *auf Wunsch*, and when it comes back receipted after payment, it will as surely be superscribed *Eine schöne Empfehlung*, or *Herr — lässt schön danken*.

How much these little phrases and attentions, which cost nothing, soften the jolts and smooth down the asperities of human experience, need not be stated. They embellish life, make it seem worth living, and help us immensely to feel that we are, after all, of some account in the world.

Hand-shaking is not so common in Germany as with us, and is seldom indiscriminately practiced. The universal mode of salutation on the part of men is that of lifting the hat. Ladies receive the first recognition instead of giving it, and strangers must make first calls instead of being first called upon. The uses of the card in calling and exchanging compliments are considered with much nicety, and are so regulated as to express plainly and yet with delicacy the unwritten laws of social intercourse. Both

desire and disinclination for nearer acquaintance are carefully indicated by cards, compliments are conveyed by them, and congratulations exchanged. When death occurs, card messengers remind the bereaved of the sympathetic remembrances of their acquaintances. Visits of condolence are not made unless by near relatives and friends, nor are the bereaved obliged to make public exposure of their grief. The remains of the deceased are often followed to the tomb by empty carriages only, not even the afflicted family accompanying them should the weather be inclement.

The customs and ceremonies attending betrothal and marriage differ widely from ours. Prior to the *Verlobung*, or betrothal, the intercourse of young unmarried people can, as a rule, only take place in the presence or by the express consent of their parents, and German ladies have often explained to me their astonishment that in America, as they had heard, young ladies not betrothed were permitted to receive and accompany young gentlemen without parental attendance. Betrothal, indeed, is often the first stage of real acquaintance, the intercourse of the contracting parties before that being of a comparatively formal character. The *Verlobung* is generally considered a more important act than the *Trauung*, or marriage, and the breaking off of an engagement causes more scandal than a divorce. After engagement, the parties engaged are *Braut* and *Bräutigam*, but cease to be such after marriage. Once engaged, they may accompany each other when and where they like, and on social occasions are treated much the same as husband and wife.

By imperial law, a man becomes qualified to contract marriage when twenty, and a girl when sixteen years of age, but a man may not marry without the consent of his father or other guardian until he is twenty-five, nor a girl until she is twenty-four. Whether a marriage contracted without the consent of guardians is valid or not, is a matter regulated by the legislation of the different states.

It is a sort of unwritten law—a sequence of actual statutes now abolished—that a man should not marry until he has some visible and reliable means of supporting a family. Parents are also careful to have their children mated with those of equal social station, and it is worthy of remark that rank and position are more highly considered in a matrimonial way than wealth, although that is a matter by no means despised. Some years ago a distinguished Heidelberg professor wrote a book which aimed to prove that the daughters of wealthy men of business are destined, in the order of Nature, to marry lawyers and civil-service officials, and that the daughters born of such marriages are destined to marry business-men with a view to acquiring wealth wherewith to endow their daughters, in

turn, for marriage into the civil service. Thus the business, or middle, class would provide wealth, and the official class social distinction, and the balance would be preserved.

The arrangement of the *dot*, or marriage portion, prior to betrothal, is something that must not be neglected, and its amount for each of the contracting parties is settled in advance by their parents.

The marriage ceremony is usually performed twice—once after the civil and once after the religious form—but only the civil contract is valid in law. By imperial statute of February 6, 1875, "marriage is to be concluded in the presence of two witnesses by the betrothed persons severally declaring their agreement, when asked by the proper officer, whether they announce their intention of uniting in marriage with each other, and by his thereupon proclaiming that they are both legally married." The same law forbids any clergyman or other minister of religion to execute these functions, or to act as a substitute for the civil officer. The civil ceremony, therefore, takes precedence in the order of time as in that of legal importance. First, however, there must be a publication of the bans at least two weeks before the contract is signed, and this precaution, together with the parental restraints, has a wholesome effect in preventing hasty and ill-considered marriages.

Many of the traditional usages attending the marriage ceremony, particularly among the peasantry, are very curious, but the etiquette of weddings is not eccentric. German etiquette in general is a system of social customs which has grown up with the people, and which is adapted to promote as well as protect social intercourse. It may be added that, in the best German society, people are not received very much on trust. They must prove their quality before obtaining favor. Vulgar wealth is not admitted to the circle of the intellectual and refined, and civil and military position carries with it infinitely more social privilege than money, simply because the process by which alone such position can be reached in Germany is itself a guaranty of merit. Artists, actors, musicians, and scientific and literary people of distinction, or of passably good professional standing, are constantly invited to the tables of noblemen and millionaires.

It has been said that behavior at the table is the best test of manners, and that a fine dinner is the crowning exponent of civilized life. However this may be, a dinner-party in the refined circles of Germany is certainly one of the most characteristic and charming illustrations of the social life of the people. Formal invitations to dinner are generally given upon an engraved card, with date and hour in writing, and must be accepted or

declined without delay. They may be sent through the post, or, as is more customary, delivered by special messenger. The hour fixed is intended to be exact, and guests are expected to be punctual to the minute. I shall not forget the first invitation of this kind which I received, for I happened to be about ten minutes late, and my worthy host greeted me with a good-natured reprimand by saying that he had begun to grow anxious about me lest something had happened to me.

At the precise hour appointed the company proceeds to the table, the host escorting the most distinguished lady guest. The seating is managed diplomatically so as to bring congenial people together, and much attention is given to table decoration, for which purpose, in every season, flowers are liberally used. The dinner is served *à la Russe*, but the finest meats are sometimes brought in and shown to the guests before being carved.

When the dinner is concluded the ladies are escorted to the *salon*, and the gentlemen withdraw to the smoking-room. Thus an opportunity is given to the former to discuss the latest fashions, and to the latter to exchange opinions concerning affairs on the *bourse*. In the smoking-room *café noir* is served, and also cognac and other cordials. After the gentlemen have finished their cigars and coffee, they return to the *salon*, and spend the remainder of the evening with the ladies.

The recipient of dinner courtesies is expected to acknowledge them within a reasonable time by a return call, which may be made by card, but there is no strict debit and credit system of reciprocation of social favors. People are often invited again and again without any return of the compliment being asked or thought of.

The Germans are a music-loving people, and this fact has much to do with their social customs and enjoyments. Musical composition almost amounts to a national industry, and of musical clubs and societies there is no end. Nearly every large city has at least one orchestra of sixty or seventy performers, which in any country where musicians of such training and skill were less common would be famous. Many plain business-men—merchants, bankers, and others—are really excellent vocalists, pianists, or violinists.

The people are passionately fond of the opera and the drama, both of which are supported, in part, by public subsidies. The usual hour for beginning theatrical performances is 6 o'clock P.M., and they seldom continue later than 9 or half-past. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, leave their wraps and headwear in the *Garderobe* before entering the auditorium—an arrangement which enables the masculine part of the audience to see the stage whatever fashion may prevail in ladies' bonnets.

German theatrical audiences are models of decorum. This is due, in part, to strict regulations and police surveillance, but it is still more a result of popular habit and training. During a fine concert or opera no one may be admitted until an interval occurs, and while the music is in progress all other sound is absolutely hushed. There is not a cough, not a movement, not a discordant noise. The applause, when deserved, is hearty and prolonged, but is always timely and decorous.

Nor is the pleasure derived from music by any means exclusive with those who can pay for fine operas and concerts. It is the fireside recreation of the people, and humble is the home where it is not enjoyed. For the public recreation excellent concerts are provided at the parks and gardens, and are accessible to all. In the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, there are two public gardens at which orchestral concerts of high merit are given afternoon and evening nearly every day of the year. At the *Palmengarten*, which is one of the loveliest spots in Europe, a Thursday afternoon performance is given, especially for ladies and children, and on such occasions the elegant music-hall is always crowded. The ladies bring their crochet-work and gossip over their coffee, and the little folks enjoy the games provided for them, or stroll amidst the fountains and flowers.

The Germans delight in open-air life. Every house of any pretensions has its garden, if only a few square feet of sodded space, where the family may sit and enjoy the fresh air and the sunlight and shade. They abhor anything like a draft in-doors, and keep their houses shut tight, but think nothing of sitting for hours in the family garden, and taking their meals there whenever the weather will at all permit. Gardens, parks and promenades for general recreation are provided in every considerable town, and, by low fares and frequent trains, the railways afford on Sundays and holidays the most ample facilities possible for excursions to the country.

The fashionable hour for promenading is from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. At 1 everybody sits down to dinner. The banks close at that hour, and remain closed until 4 P.M. The *bourse* is open for business from 12 o'clock noon until 1 P.M., and a second time later in the afternoon.

Dinner and supper are the principal meals. A German breakfast consists of *Zwiebacken* or *Bröschens* and coffee, with perhaps boiled eggs. Supper is taken at 7 or 8 o'clock, or postponed until after the theatre. Laborers have four or five *Essens* a day, and most business-men lunch between meals.

Wine and beer drinking is universal, but no more temperate people exists than the Germans. During a sojourn of several years among them, I do not remember to have seen half a dozen persons intoxicated. During

a festal occasion lasting three or four days, which brought thirty thousand strangers to Frankfort, not over seven or eight persons, it was stated, were arrested for disorderly conduct.

Drunkenness is more disgraceful than it is in this country. Men do not go into a "saloon" and stand up before a "bar" and drink themselves drunk. What Americans call "treating" is unknown. Each one pays for what he gets, as an honest man should, and expects his friends and companions to do the same. People who take refreshments at a restaurant or beer garden sit down by the tables and eat and drink leisurely. The popular beverages, as a rule, are mild, pure and wholesome, and a dinner, however humble, is not a dinner in Germany without beer or wine. Yet the people are not given to nervousness or inebriety, and have comparatively little stomach-ache, so far as I have been able to notice.

At the same time it should be stated that the traffic in all kinds of alcoholic beverages is strictly regulated by law. The license system, or its equivalent, is the prevailing one, though different laws as to the traffic prevail in the different states and provinces. A broad distinction is drawn between the establishments which traffic only in beer and wine and those which also sell spirituous liquors. New establishments of either kind can only be opened by police permission, and then only upon a showing of reasonable public demand for the business. Disorderly and immoral places may be suppressed by police fiat, and it should be noted that the tenure of office of the police authorities does not depend, directly or indirectly, upon what Americans would call the "saloon vote." Indeed, we may almost say that the saloon does not exist in Germany—at least, not in our sense of the word.

German housekeeping methods differ materially from the American. In the first place, the houses are differently constructed and furnished from ours. An American visiting Germany once remarked to me that it seemed very odd to him to see houses "with the front door in the rear." The French system of *étages*, or flats, is common in cities, and the choice part of the house is not the *rez-de-chaussée*, or first floor, but what we call the second. This is in Germany the *erster Stock*, or first story, and between it and the lower floor, or *parterre*, there sometimes intervenes a narrow story called the *entresol*. Each floor is complete in itself for all the purposes of housekeeping, with a permanent kitchen-range built to stay. Cellar space and garden privileges are apportioned to the different families occupying the *étages*, and their servants colonize in the attic. In point of convenience and comfort, New York and Philadelphia have greatly improved upon the German flat system.

In the more expensive dwellings parquet floors are laid, and these are waxed and burnished until smooth as glass. In more unpretentious homes the floors are painted and varnished. Carpets covering the entire floor are seldom seen; artistic squares, or *Vorlage*, being used instead. Living-rooms are heated by *Kachelöfen*, or porcelain stoves, and wood is the prevailing fuel. The coal is inferior to ours, and is drenched with water before being laid upon the fire.

Madame, whatever her social station, carries the keys, and personally supervises the servants. Ladies of the highest birth and education understand all the details of housekeeping, and are not above taking a practical interest in what is going on in the kitchen. They are trained to this in the cooking, sewing, and boarding schools—a kind of education which vastly contributes both to the comfort and the economy of German home life.

Children are trained to obey. Insubordination in the family or the school is treated much the same as insubordination in the army. The little German maid no sooner learns to talk than she begins to knit, sew, and embroider, and make herself otherwise useful in the house. If her parents have any means at all, a thoroughly ornamental as well as practical education is within her reach. In short, she grows up to be an accomplished and contented mistress of a house—a real helpmeet—knowing how to cook, sew, sing, dance, embroider, take care of children, and write and speak in two or three languages.

Her little brother, as soon as he is six years old, starts for school, and education is a serious matter with him from that time on until he finishes the gymnasium. He has little time for play except on stated holidays, and woe betide him if he does not give diligent attention to the tasks set for him outside of school hours. Besides the "three R's," he must learn Latin, Greek, French, English, German, higher mathematics, natural science, geography, and history. The course of the gymnasium is equivalent to that of an American college, and when he is through with that he may go to the university. Then, if he passes the *Examen*, he must serve one year in the army, and, if he does not pass it, three years. After that he goes into the public service or a profession, or learns and finally inherits the business of his father.

The ideal German home is a model of order, cleanliness, comfort, and loving domestic harmony. The women, as a rule, are quite contented with home and its duties, and leave the cares of state and the rugged work of reform to the men. Yet the sphere of woman is by no means exclusively domestic. The pursuits of literature, the fine arts, and business, are all freely opened to her.

The Germans believe in recreation for the family and by the family. Parents and children sit together in the public gardens listening to the concerts, visit together the theatre and the opera, and unite in family excursions and tours. What one enjoys they all enjoy, so far as their means go, except that, by the custom of the country, the head of the family is allowed to spend a certain part of his time with his *Verein*, or club. I once asked a German married lady whether or not she liked to have her husband visit nearly every evening, as he did, a club to which I belonged, and she assured me that she preferred to have him do so, "for," said she, "this brightens him up, and makes him a better companion for me than he would be were I to insist upon his spending all his leisure at home. Then, too," she added reflectively, "I might get a little tired of him if he were about the house too much."

One of the most attractive features of German home life is its faithful observance of family anniversaries. Few things contribute more to make the home circle delightful than this. The little child—and the full-grown one as well—counts the days, the hours almost, until its *Geburstag* comes round. And when the day arrives it is sure to be observed in a way to make the honored one feel that it is a good thing to be born into the world, a good thing to have a home and loving parents, friends, brothers and sisters. The house is dressed *en fête*, cards of congratulation with flowers and other gifts come in from all round the circle of acquaintance, tapers are lighted denoting the number of years the happy one has finished, and a family dinner and reunion crown the festivities.

I once had the happiness to be invited to spend a few days with a friend at his summer villa on the Rhine, and when we went down the first time to dinner we found the table garnished with flowers, and the chairs upon which my good friend and his wife were to sit wreathed with roses and lilies. It was their wedding anniversary, and their children had done this to signify their loving remembrance of the day. How beautiful it was, and how happy we all were, albeit the place of him who was chief in that delightful circle was soon afterwards forever vacant!

But the noblest of all family anniversaries is the German Christmas. It is not a single holiday, as with us, but a cluster of two or three together, and the quaint old legends and traditional observances—domestic, social and religious—connected with it are many and beautiful. What visions of happy faces and what echoes of sweet cathedral chimes haunt my recollection as I think of them! In many parts of Germany Christmas is called "The Children's Festival," and such it is; but it is a festival at which all are children, whether old or young.

Should German habits and customs be adopted by Americans? To some extent they should be. After ten centuries of experience, the Germans have arrived at certain fixed conclusions as to what is best for them in the conditions under which they live, and, so far as the conditions of our life are the same, those conclusions are equally wise for us.

It is the misfortune of our people that they have not yet learned how to enjoy life in the present as it is their privilege to do. The Germans are adepts at this. They act upon the Horatian admonition, *carpe diem*. They have a proverb, *Bequemlichkeit geht dem Deutschen über Alles*—with the German, comfort goes before everything—and this is a key to their domestic and social life. They believe, with Renan, that "sunshine is a fine thing, life an excellent gift, and the land of the living a very pleasant place to sojourn in," and they do not see why they should not enjoy these things as much as they innocently can.

Too much of our social life is mere pretension; it glitters, but it is not gold. The real contact of noble and congenial minds is not there. The social life of Germany, on the other hand, is realistic, and repels shams. It seeks out and holds fast the genuine good, true and beautiful. It shows us, moreover, as in a mirror, that real happiness is not at a distance, but near at hand, waiting for and inviting us to reach out and grasp it.

Alma E. Lu

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A KENTUCKY PIONEER

The story of bold exploit and thrilling adventure in the early history of Kentucky has unique interest, inasmuch as the pioneers were not lured to that wilderness by illusive gold-mines or mania for discovery and conquest, but found their attraction in the rich lands and the hunter's luxury of wild game. These pioneers were a different race of men from the Spanish adventurers of the South, the French explorers of the lakes and rivers of the Northwest, and the refugees from religious persecution of some parts of the Atlantic coast.

One day in October, 1779, two well-loaded boats might have been seen working their way up the Ohio river from New Orleans, laden with stores or provisions obtained from the Spaniards for the use of the garrison at Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh). They had passed the bend in the river, where not even a solitary block-house or log cabin then marked the site of Cincinnati—Ohio's queenly city of to-day. Here the Licking river comes in from the Kentucky side, and they would soon reach a sand-bar which stretched a considerable distance along the northern bank of the river until at the mouth of the Little Miami it formed on the other side. They were on the watch for this obstruction, knowing something of its perils, and presently encountered the strong current against them, from the high waters of the tributary at this point, dashing directly across the path of the Ohio. But what startled them far more than its turbulent waters were the numerous canoes and rafts it bore upon its bosom, swarming with Indians. Major Rogers, who was in command of this little squadron of two keel-boats, glanced over his slender force of seventy men in all, and knew they were greatly outnumbered by the enemy, but the white settlers of the frontier were accustomed to these inequalities. Plans were quickly formed. Drawing the boats noiselessly up to the Kentucky shore behind the sand-bar, the crew from each landed and followed their brave leader through the willows and thick bushes which covered it at this point. They thought to have met and surprised the Indians as they landed, but they themselves had been watched, and the Indians they saw were only a small part of those who were really there. The boatmen had almost reached the point of their expected triumph when the wild yells of the savages seemed to rise from the ground behind them and on every side, and the merciless and apparently numberless foe rushed to the

attack, first with guns and then with tomahawks. The slaughter was fearful. Forty-five, with their brave leader, fell at the first onslaught; the rest tried to get back to their boats, but the five men who had been left in charge of them, seeing no possible hope save for their own safety, had fled in one boat, while the Indians had taken possession of the other. Nothing, therefore, was left but to fight their desperate way through the enemy or die in the attempt. Some few escaped and made their way through the forests to Harrodsburg, leaving their dead and dying comrades on the ground. Captain Benham, second in authority under Major Rogers, passed unscathed in the first fire, and succeeded in fighting his way into the deep woods through the savage assailants, when a ball pierced him, and he fell to the ground, helpless. There could be no escape now, he thought; his scalp was doomed to decorate some Indian warrior's belt and wigwam.

He lay perfectly still, however, expecting every moment to feel the cold edge of the tomahawk. But he heard the quick, stealthy step of the savages near him—over him—beyond him—and knew that in their eager pursuit of the rest they had passed him by. He believed they would surely come back for their trophies, and raised his head on his hand and looked around for some place of refuge and safety. Near him was a newly fallen tree with the thick foliage still unwithered. That would make an excellent hiding-place if he could only reach it. This he managed to do, and, although the effort of crawling had caused him intense suffering, he was thankful to feel how well he was concealed; and as the sound of pursued and pursuers died in the distance he began to indulge a hope of escape at least from the death that had seemed so near and certain. The next day the Indians returned to the battle-ground, as was their custom, to strip and scalp their enemies, and to bury their own dead.

Poor Captain Benham had already begun to anticipate the slow death by famine that would necessarily be his fate, and yet it was better, he thought, than to fall into the hands of the Indians. So he let them do their bloody work all around him and go off to their boats with their trophies of victory, leaving him undiscovered and alone. It was a poor chance for life, surely, with nothing to eat, not even a drink of water, and unable to move without intense agony from his wound. The evening of the second day came. At last there was some slight noise, a movement as of something living, near him. It was a raccoon in a tree not far off. He had his gun, he would shoot it, though how he was to get it when killed, he could not tell.

He shot; it fell! At the same instant a human cry startled him, for

it was within a few yards of him, and although it sounded like some one in distress, he had very little doubt it was an Indian's device to find out his hiding-place. So he kept perfectly still and quiet, with gun reloaded and ready for use whenever an enemy should come in sight. A second time the voice was heard and much nearer. Still Captain Benham dared not answer, and was thinking to himself how wonderfully the Indian could imitate the white man's voice and tones, when a third halloo was followed by a low exclamation of impatience, perplexity, and distress, too unlike an Indian to be other than a Kentuckian. He did answer now. Strange to say, the new man had come out of the same battle with both arms broken, and had, like his fellow sufferer, eluded the eyes of the Indians, but, being unable to use his gun, was utterly at a loss how to get anything to eat. He and Captain Benham immediately formed a compact or partnership, similar to that between the blind man and the lame sailor, and it would be a hard case if one pair of hands and one pair of feet could not find food for two. So they would both watch for the game. Captain Benham, who could load and fire his gun, would shoot it, while his friend, whose name was John Watson, having the free use of his feet, would go after it and *kick* it up to his companion. In the same way wood and brush were brought within reach of Captain Benham, who was thus enabled to prepare and cook the game and feed Watson with a share of it. He also played surgeon for the two, dressing all the wounds, his own and his companion's, being obliged to use for that purpose the shirts they wore. Their greatest difficulty was to procure water, but, as "necessity is the mother of invention," they even contrived to accomplish this. Captain Benham took his hat or cap, made of some animal's skin, and placed the rim between the teeth of his colleague, who, seizing it with a firm grip, trotted down to the river, and, wading in far enough to dip up some water in the cap, trotted back again to his friend with its contents, and gave it up to him to be used as needed. Before Captain Benham was able to get about, he found he had killed and scared off all the game within reach of his gun. Here again John Watson's feet came into requisition, to hunt up a flock of wild turkeys, for instance, and drive them past. Thus they helped each other along for several weeks until their wounds had so far healed as to permit them to travel a little each day, thereby reaching in course of time the mouth of the Licking. They put up a small shed and anxiously watched and waited for a passing boat, on either river, that would convey them to the fort at the falls of the Ohio. For a month or more they watched in vain. Finally, however, the desire of their hearts appeared, in a small flat-boat moving leisurely down the Ohio. But their difficulties were not yet

over. It had become a favorite method of decoy among the Indians to place one or two of their number on the bank, either disguised in white men's clothing or concealed among the bushes, to utter pitiful cries of distress and beg to be taken on board and saved from the Indians, while a number of the savages would be lying in ambush to shoot or seize the unwitting boat's crew as soon as they should approach the shore.

No wonder the whites had learned to be suspicious of signals of distress, and our two comrades were driven almost to desperation when they saw the boat, instead of heeding their appeal, determinedly pushing toward the other shore and making past them with all possible speed. This was terrible! Deserted by their own people, in perpetual and imminent danger from the Indians, for this was one of their favorite haunts, and winter coming, what would become of them if left to meet the cold weather here in their defenseless and helpless state? Captain Benham was only hobbling about on rude crutches of his own construction, and Watson was barely able to feed himself a little with one hand. But when they were in the agony of despair, seeing the boat had passed them by a full half-mile, they espied a canoe put off from its stern and cautiously approach the shore where they stood. Its inmates were evidently very suspicious, used every precaution against surprise, and could only be convinced after much parley that it was a genuine case of distress, but in the end were induced to take the poor fellows on board. They had very few clothes left by this time. In all these six weeks of suffering and hardship, it had been a question of *living*, not of *looks*. However, when they reached Fort Nelson, at the falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, they were kindly cared for, and soon recovered entirely.

Captain Benham, after the country had become more thickly settled, went back and bought the very land on which this terrible battle was fought. Here he built his home and spent the later years of his life. His son was subsequently a distinguished member of the Kentucky bar, and a resident of Louisville. His granddaughter married the well-known writer and journalist, George D. Prentice.

Annie E. Wilson

MINOR TOPICS

COLONEL HENRY BEEKMAN LIVINGSTON

The following letter written from Canada in October, 1775, by Captain (later Colonel) Henry Beekman Livingston to his father, Judge Robert R. Livingston of Clermont, contains information of much value. The Mr. (Captain, later Colonel) James Livingston referred to, and of whom some interesting particulars are given by Mr. Schuyler in the January number of the *Magazine of American History*, 1889, was a cousin of Henry Beekman Livingston. Both were descended from the Rev. (Mess.) John Livingston, to whom Charles II. swore allegiance to the Scottish covenant—Henry Beekman Livingston of Clermont through Robert, the youngest child of the Rev. John, who was the first emigrant of that ilk and the first proprietor of the Livingston manor, James, through Robert "the nephew," son of the James who was one of the oldest children of the Rev. John.

But there was another and nearer relationship; the mother of Colonel Henry, Mrs. Robert R. Livingston, was the only child of Colonel Henry Beekman, by his wife Janet, daughter of Robert "the nephew." John, the father of Colonel James Livingston, was a son of the same Robert. Few of the colonels of the Revolution saw harder service or were more actively engaged in the field than Henry Beekman Livingston or James Livingston, and yet their lives remain unwritten. The several allusions to General Richard Montgomery greatly add to the value of this letter. As stated therein, the refusal of the vanguard to advance compelled the general to retreat, but he not only found means to bring the same men back, but to march them around the dreaded ramparts of St. John's. This is an example of how he trained the troops that presently conquered Montreal and followed where the Bayard of America found death on the heights of Quebec.

It was not necessary for him, in parting from his Janet, to whisper, "You shall never have cause to blush for your Montgomery."

Nothing relating to the General lacks interest. I therefore add a line found in a letter written by his mother-in-law, dated Claremount, March 29, 1774: "Janet and Montgomery, who is one of the tenderest of men," etc., etc.

[THE LETTER]

"Canada, Camp before St. John's, 6th October 1775

"Dear Sir

"I just rec'd Your Letter. Your illness gives me great uneasiness. I hope it will be of no duration. With Yours I rec'd a letter from Robert, Dated 20 Sep': he tells me nothing new. After you left me at Albany, we marched to Fort George

in three Days, Where I was obliged to stop till Col^l Gates, who commanded there, would please let us cross the Lake, which was in about three Days: we had a Favourable passage across, being but one Night by the way: the next morning we came to Ticonderoga; as soon as we came there, I waited upon Col^l Hinman, Commanding Officer at that Place and begged leave to be permitted to proceed with the first Boats for the Army, then at Il, au Noix; this I obtained for myself but not for my Company, there not being a sufficiency of Boats to carry them off—I therefore took my departure and Ordered my Lieut^{ns} to Follow, the first opportunity. when I came down I found all in Health at the Army except gen^l Schuyler. A party of them, about 500, had been sent down the Lake as far as we now are, under the Command of General M^y [Montgomery]: they were attacked upon their Landing by a Party of Indians, who were beat off by our People with the loss of about 9 killed & wounded; the Enemy had 15 their Number Killed upon the spot and some wounded—our People intrenched themselves in two places, about a Mile apart, along the Banks of the River Sorrel (this part of the Lake takes that Name :) the next morning they went back to the Isle, having made the discoveries they tho^t necessary—All this happened before I came down. When I came there, Col^l Ritzma was detached with a Party of Picked men, to take Possession of Lapree, a Village about 15 Miles the other side St. John's, in order to cut off all Communication between Canada and that Place, from his own and a Connecticut Reg^{nt}: Gen^l Montgomery followed with another Party, consisting the same Number, to see us safely landed; (I obtained Leave to come in Character of Aid-de-Camp to Col^l Ritzma, upon this Occasion, as my Company was not yet come;) we Landed safely, at the upper Breastworks, about a mile from this we now Occupy. and Marched them within 200 Yards of this Place, where was another Breastwork, a Flanking Party having been sent out from the Front to scour the Woods. While we were coming down, we who were in Front Found ourselves deserted of a sudden by Nine tenths of our Party; upon going back to learn the cause we found they had been affrighted by our Flanking Party, who came suddenly out of the woods upon them in order to join us. the Panick was so great that it was with difficulty we prevailed upon them to proceed on their March: we had not advanced a 100 yards farther, before we were attacked with musketry a little a Head of us & some Cohorns thrown from a Boat upon the Water. Our men were again Affrighted & retreated with great precipitation, except about 30 who enter'd the Breastworks, where they found some Indians, Soldiers, and French, about 15 in number, who they Fired upon; an Indian and a Frenchman was killed of their Number, the rest made their Escape. next Day the Gen^l, who came to see us Land safely, was obliged to proceed upon his way Back with us all to the Isle, not being able to prevail upon the Detachment to go forward. however a Few Days after he brought down the same detachment, (having first made peace with the Indians) that they might have an Opportunity of retrieving their

Honour : this they Effected : after staying a Day or two to compleat our Breast-works Genl M^r March Round St John's with this Party and as he came out of the Woods, popped very unexpectedly upon a Body of about 400 of the Enemy, who attacked him with Field Pieces, but he Obliged them to retreat into the Fort : this they did in good Order, Carrying their Field Pieces with them, the Loss trifling on both Sides. the Genl having effected his Purpose, ordered a Party to intrench themselves about 2 miles below St John's, upon the only two Roads that lead from that Place to the inhabited parts of Canada, Another Party was dispatched to Lapararee and Allen was sent into the Country to see what Number of Canadians would Join and take arms under him : he engaged about Eighty and very imprudently marched with them to attack Montreal ; they were Attacked near that City by 100 Regulars and some Tories, about 50 ; Allen and 20 of his men were taken Prisoners, the rest ran away. Our Party at Lapararee were more successful, having intercepted a Large Quantity of Wine, Rum and Cloathing, that were for the relief of the Garrison. Our Parties in the Country have taken about [illegible] Prisoners, they are sent to Hartford. 200 Canadians have joined us and intrenched themselves Strongly, on the East side the River Sorrel, Opposite St John's at about 500 Yards Distant from it.

" Mr. James Livingston has been exceedingly active, he had several skirmishes with the Enemy, since we came down and before. We have now Nine Hundred men the Other Side St John's strongly intrenched, about a Thousand on this side at the Main Camp in the same situation—we have a Mortar Redoubt, about 200 yards from them, and a 2 Gun Battery about $\frac{1}{2}$ a Mile from them, they bear upon the Fort and the Vessels of "

End of fourth page.

The rest of the letter is missing. Capital letters in the above are given as in the original. Both in their usage and non-usage the writer appears to have been guided by a purpose.

MATURIN L. DELAFIELD

NEW YORK CITY.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON

From a letter from Chief-Justice Sir William Dunkin to his nephew Robert Henry Dunkin, Esq., of Philadelphia, dated "Calcutta, India, April 20, 1797." Never before published.

[Contributed by Rev. Maunsell Van Rensselaer, D.D.]

"I never felt myself so interested about a great man I never saw, as I have long felt for your Mr. Washington. Surely there must be too much gratitude in Americans, too much discrimination of character, too much of well-founded judgment, to suffer any competition to be successful against him. Many great, many good men there may certainly be found amongst you ; but a man so tried in difficulties of awful danger, so successful in surmounting them, so firm and yet so unassuming in the plenitude of power, I believe, and all who reflect must believe, is hardly, if at all, to be found in America or in any other quarter of the globe."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON

CHANCELLOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

THE FIRST UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

[Contributed by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth]

To His Excellency, Thomas M'Kean, President of Congress :

Clermont, Manor of Livingston

25th Aug. 1781

Sir,

I was yesterday favored with your letter of the 11th inst. inclosing a resolution of Congress appointing me Secretary of Foreign Affairs. I feel myself extremely honored by this mark of their attention, and by the obliging manner in which your Excellency has communicated it.

I am too conscious of my own insufficiency and too solicitous for the welfare of my country, not to wish, that the choice of Congress had fallen upon some person better qualified to fulfil the duties of that important Department.—Though I agree in sentiment with your Excellency on the expediency of filling this place as soon as possible, & am sorry to interpose the smallest delay, yet, I feel myself embarrassed in coming to a determination, from not having seen the act of Congress constituting the office, nor do I know how far the Secretary of Foreign Affairs is to be consulted in the appointment of an interpreter, Secretary, and such clerks as he may find necessary, tho his reputation may depend on their discretion and fidelity; nor what provision is made for defraying the necessary expenses of the Department. When Your Excellency shall do me the honor to communicate the resolution of Congress on these subjects, I shall, without delay inform you of my determination to accept or decline the office, and in either case, I shall retain a grateful sense of the honor that Congress have done me by the appointment,

I have the honor to be, Sir,
with great respect & esteem
Your Excellency's
most obedient humble servant
Rob^t R. Livingston

[SECOND LETTER]

To His Excellency, Thomas M'Kean, President of Congress:

Office of Foreign Affairs
Philadelphia, 29th October 1782.

Sir,

I have the honor to enclose for the inspection of Congress a letter from Mr. Harrison — So much of it as relates to the state of his accounts has been sent to the office of Finance — As this subject has before been strongly insisted upon by Mr. Jay, I doubt not that Mr. Morris will pay every attention to it which the means in his hands will permit.

Mr. Harrison is so well spoken of by Mr. Jay & has manifested on many occasions a watchfull attention to the welfare of the United States & discovered such disinterestedness in every transaction which related to them, that I cannot but hope that Congress will think him worthy of public notice. Should they be of opinion that it would be improper to appoint him consul at a time when he could not be received in a public character, & when an attempt to display it might draw upon the United States new indignities, yet it would give me pleasure to be enabled to assure him from Congress that they entertain a just sense of his services & that

they wish him to continue to act under the authority he has received from Mr. Jay, till the politics of Spain shall render it proper to vest him with more ample powers. This earnest of the favor of Congress, would stimulate him to merit further marks of their confidence.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
with the greatest respect & esteem
Your Excellency's
Most obedient humble servant
Rob^t R. Livingston

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF ANDREW JACKSON

[Contributed by General Marcus J. Wright]

Headquarters 7. M. District,
New Orleans, 22d Feb., 1815.

Sir :

It gave me great pain to learn that Ft. Bowyer had surrendered to the enemy without being fired upon. I had calculated most confidently that that post would not have fallen but after the most gallant resistance.

Admiral Cochrane has enclosed me the copy of a bulletin published in a London paper, announcing that a treaty of peace had on the 24th December last, been signed at Ghent by our commissioners and those of Grt. Britain ; but as it does not appear that hostilities are to cease until the treaty shall be signed by the Price Regent & the President, & it becomes us to exercise all our former vigilance & industry. I have little doubt, if he attempts Mobile, as probably he will, that I shall receive a good account of him. It will be glorious to wipe away the stain which I am fearful the American Army has sustained.

Nothing is wanting to insure you success, but a belief inspired into your troops that they will be victorious ; and such a disposition of them as I am satisfied you will make. I have enclosed the bulletin forwarded by Admiral Cochrane to Genl. McIntosh with a request that he hand it you.

Very respectfully,
Andrew Jackson,
Major Genl. Comdg.

Genl. James Winchester, Commanding
Mobile, M. T.

NOTES

THE NEGRO—Of the eighteen millions of the southern people, seven millions are colored and of a race only twenty-five years emancipated from slavery and less than three hundred years out of the abject barbarism of the dark continent. Apart from moral and political considerations, every impartial observer must realize that, in the period before 1860, the negro made greater progress toward civilization than any people known to history in a time so brief. He learned the three fundamental conditions of modern life—steady and persistent work, and the language and religion of the foremost people of Christendom. . . . Every year a larger number of the negroes are becoming independent land-owners, living in comfortable homes, in good family life, getting the elements of knowledge. . . . The southern negro now owns from one to two hundred million dollars—the fruit of his first generation of freedom. . . . The negro is doing with fair success everything his critics insist he cannot do, and his ability for industrial development is nowhere better appreciated than among the leading experts and wisest economists of the states that know him best. Perhaps it will turn out that the greatest advantage to the negro is that he is the latest comer on the threshold of modern civilization.—*Industrial Education in the South.*

WASHINGTON AT BRANDYWINE—*Editor Magazine of American History*: The following incident from Gilmore's *Rear-Guard of the Revolution* was related by

a British officer in a letter to a friend in England: "A rebel officer, remarkable by a huzzar dress, passed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to and fire at them; but, the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The huzzar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood toward him. Upon calling he stopped; but, after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him, but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in and about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty, so I let him alone." On the next day the officer learned from some captured officers that Washington had been all that morning in the position indicated, dressed as described, and attended by only a French officer in huzzar uniform. The writer adds, "I am not sorry I did not know at the time who it was."

J. A. STETSON, JR.

AN INTERESTING RELIC—The Historical Society of Wisconsin has just received the most valuable memorial that

it has ever acquired or ever can acquire. It is a silver ostensorium, or vessel in which the sacred wafer is exhibited to the people at mass in the Roman Catholic church. It is fifteen inches high and elaborately wrought. This ostensorium was, as appears from an inscription on its base, presented to the St. Francis Xavier mission at Depere, in 1686, by Nicolas Perrot, then French commander for the western country, having his headquarters at Depere. He had three or four forts strung along the upper Mississippi, on both sides of the river, from Dubuque to the mouth of the St. Croix, and was a valiant Indian fighter, having been a hardy *coureur de bois* in the Wisconsin wilds as early as 1669.

In 1802, the ostensorium was unearthed in Green Bay, five miles distant from the old St. Francis Xavier mission, by workmen digging a cellar. The mission house was burned by Indians in 1687, and it is supposed that the priest in charge saved this sacred vessel, and for safety buried it where it was accidentally found nearly a century and a half later. When dug up in 1802, it was placed in the cupboard of the Grignon dwelling, and used by traveling missionaries to celebrate mass in an upper room. In 1823, it became one of the vessels of the first Catholic church, built that year in Green Bay. When that church was burned in 1828, the ostensorium was taken to Depere; but in 1838 it was redeemed by the then Green Bay priest, Father Bonduel, for its weight in silver, and taken back to Green Bay. It has ever since been in the possession of the bishop of that diocese. The old ostensorium is briefly noticed in

Vol. III. of the Wisconsin Historical Collections, and described at some length in Vol. VIII. It is pictured, from photographs taken in Madison, in Vol. IV. of Windsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, where there is also a description compiled from the Wisconsin account.

This venerable relic was by express permission of Archbishop Heiss, exhibited by Prof. James D. Butler, who represented the State Historical Society and the commonwealth at the Marietta centennial last July; and it was seen that in the great hall which contained such a quantity of relics of white men's presence west of the Alleghanies, the Wisconsin ostensorium outranked them all by nearly one hundred years. And indeed this is not strange, when it comes to be considered that 1681 is the date of the oldest tombstone at Plymouth, on the hill above the rock where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. Wisconsin thus has a relic as old, wanting five years, attesting the presence of European settlers within her borders. It is a memorial as indubitably genuine as the Massachusetts gravestone, and more wonderful for many reasons. It has been deposited for exhibition in the vault of the Historical Society by the kindness of Bishop Katzer, of Green Bay, and the consent of Archbishop Heiss, of Milwaukee. The officers of the society will keep it under a glass case, and a sight of the grand old relic will no doubt be asked for by thousands of historical enthusiasts in the years to come. It is Wisconsin's oldest monument made by civilized hands.

MADISON, WIS.

R. G. THWAITE

QUERIES

REMARKABLE MONARCH—Will some reader of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY inform me the name of the monarch who ruled the American colonies before the Revolution, of whom it was recorded in rhyme that "he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one"?

WILMOT

THE MOUND-BUILDERS [xxi. 142]—Will the author of the article on the "Mound-Builders," in the February number, since he has treated of the presumed source from whence the Mound-

Builders and the Indians came, throw some light on the problem of who the people were that made use of the paleolithic implements which have been found in New Jersey, Minnesota, and Ohio? They antedate the works of the Mound-Builders, and, it would seem, they ought to be taken into consideration before we can satisfactorily determine the relation which the Mound-Builders bore to the inhabitants of this continent at the time of discovery by Europeans.

M. H. SAVILLE

BOSTON, MASS.

REPLIES

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION [xxi. 31; xxi. 168]—In 1859, while residing in Raleigh, North Carolina, I was present in the House of Delegates while a debate was going on upon some railroad bill. Governor Morehead, who was a supporter of the measure, had been taunted with being a Virginian. In reply, he closed an eloquent speech in the following words: "It has been charged, Mr. Speaker, that I am proud of my Virginian birth and ancestry. I am proud to have been born in a state which has given birth to a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, and a Monroe. But I am still more proud to be the adopted citizen of a state in which *Liberty herself was born!*"

A. N. LEWIS

WESTPORT, CONN.

THE OLDEST STATUE IN THE WORLD [xx. 158, 250; xxi. 168]—*Editor of Magazine of American History:* Is not

your correspondent mistaken in saying that the oldest statue known is in the Louvre? I am very certain that I saw the statue he refers to, in 1882, in the British Museum, just as he describes it, and said to be of the time of 3000 B.C., making it now about 4,900 years old.

W. A. MITCHELL

BROOKLYN, N.Y., February 11, 1889.

THE OLDEST STATUE IN THE WORLD [xx. 158, 250; xxi. 168]—In the narrative of his travels in the East, Charles Dudley Warner describes a remarkable statue in the museum of antiquities at Boolak, Egypt, discovered by Marietta Bey, the great French Egyptologist, at Memphis: "This image is one meter and ten centimeters high—a little over three feet. It stands erect, holding a staff. This statue is of wood and supposed to be 6,000 years old."

A. B. GRANDISON

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—

A stated meeting of the society was held in the hall on Tuesday evening, February 5, the Hon. John A. King presiding. The librarian reported that since the previous meeting, a file of the *Richmond Whig*, from its foundation in 1824 to the end of 1888, when the publication ceased, had been added to the society's collections, through the liberality of several members. The paper of the evening, entitled "New York City in 1789," was read by Mr. Thomas E. V. Smith, and described the manner and dress of the citizens, their local government, courts, churches, civil and social societies, occupations and amusements, with notices of persons prominent in official or private life, and concluded with a brief description of the ceremony of President Washington's inauguration. The thanks of the society were voted Mr. Smith, and a copy of his paper was requested for the archives. The society then adjourned.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The

regular quarterly meeting of this society was held on the evening of January 15, Vice-President Gen. A. C. McClurg in the chair. After a series of interesting reports had been presented by the different officers, Edward G. Mason read to an appreciative audience an interesting and instructive paper, entitled, "Some of the First Citizens of Chicago," for which, on motion of Mr. S. H. Kerfoot, the cordial thanks of the society were tendered, and a copy requested for publication.

WESTPORT (CONNECTICUT) HISTORICAL SOCIETY—

This society was organized February 2, 1889, and the following officers elected: President, Mr. Horace Staples; vice-presidents, Mr. W. J. Jennings, Mr. Landon Ketchum, Rev. J. E. Coley; treasurer, L. T. Day, M.D.; secretary, Rev. A. N. Lewis. Monthly meetings are held, and papers read. At the next meeting, Rev. J. E. Coley will read a paper upon the "Early Indian Names of Saugatuck."

ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its regular monthly meeting January 4, 1889, at the house of Gilman H. Perkins. An interesting paper was read by George Moss: "Three Episodes in the History of the Genesee Valley." The Hon. Henry E. Rochester read an important contribution to the bibliography of the "One Hundred Acre Tract." At its meeting February 1, Professor Morey presented a plan for gathering the data of the history of the city of Rochester, and Western New York, which will busy the members of the historical society for a year at least, and result doubtless in a collection of papers of great importance. The following is a brief outline of the proposed scheme:

Political records, by Charles E. Fitch; ecclesiastical records, by Rev. Dr. Ans-
tice; educational records, by Professor Gilmore; commercial records, by J. Y. McClintock; social records, by John H. Rochester; literary records, by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker; vital statistics, by Dr. E. V. Stoddard; physical geography, by Karl Gilbert, of Washington; miscel-

laneous, including topographical maps, surveys, etc., meteorological observations and records. Interviews with old residents regarding the early history of Rochester and vicinity. Under the last-named head it is proposed to secure the reminiscences of such residents as Schuyler Moses, and Mrs. Mary B. Allen King.

Another feature of this society is the question box, calling out much interesting discussion of local historical topics.

The society is yet without any published documents, but hopes before long to be able to exchange with other societies.

The Hon. Henry E. Rochester presented a paper at the latest meeting, entitled, "History and Description of the Genesee River and Western New York," showing much research and bringing new facts to light.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

—The regular fortnightly meeting was held February 5 in the cabinet, President Gammell in the chair. Hon. William P. Sheffield, of Newport, addressed the society on "The Early Settlement of Rhode Island, and the Causes which led thereto." Of Coddington he said: "In the time of James the First and Charles the First there lived in Lincolnshire one William Coddington, gentle born, well educated and talented. While in the old country this man opposed the levying of ship money and the other taxes. He was much persecuted at the time, and came to Boston in 1630. He joined there Governor Winthrop, with whom he was at first in close relations. Coddington sat as one of the magistrates

in the conviction of Roger Williams. In 1634 Ann Hutchinson, a most extraordinary character, came to Boston with her husband. She was a follower of Cotton and went at once to attend the church of the Rev. Dr. Wilson. She was a devout woman and a most enthusiastic student of theology. She established meetings of women at her house on week-days, like the present Bible-classes, and they talked over the sermon of the previous Sunday. It was not long before the woman had the whole church in her way of thinking, which, as it happened, was directly opposed to Dr. Wilson, who was an enemy of Cotton. The consequence was that Ann Hutchinson was put upon trial for heresy and questioned by all the clergymen of the colony. She stood her ground nobly, and was supported to the last by Coddington. The trial came November 10, and the woman was banished. Out of these complications grew a heated election, in which Coddington took the side opposed to Winthrop, who had favored Wilson in the prosecution of Mrs. Hutchinson, and was defeated. Coddington and the Hutchinsons departed together from the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and arrived in Rhode Island before March 7, 1638."

WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY—

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of this society was held on Friday, January 3. Secretary Reuben G. Thwaites submitted an able and interesting report in behalf of the executive committee, showing great progress in the affairs of the society. He was present last April at the unearthing of the supposed ruins of Nicholas Perrot's old wintering fort, built near the

village of Trempealeau, on the banks of the Upper Mississippi, in 1685. The relics of this find have been placed in the society's museum.

The annual address by Frederick J. Turner, A.M., of Portage, entitled "The Character and Influence of the Fur Trade in Wisconsin," was read by Secretary Thwaites, in the absence of the author. The address was very suggestive and scholarly.

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has held its usual semi-monthly meetings in the hall of the Berkeley Lyceum. On Friday, January 18, Mr. James R. Gilmore read an interesting paper on "Old Times beyond the Alleghanies." At the meeting on the first of February, the Rev. Charles Payson Mallery delivered an address on the "Ancient Families of Bohemia Manor, their Homes and their Graves." Several new members have been elected, and some valuable books have been added to the library.

LINNÆAN SCIENTIFIC AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LANCASTER, PA.—This society held its annual meeting on Saturday, January 26, 1889, and the president, Hon. J. P. Wickersham, LL.D., occupied the chair. The reports of the curators, secretary, librarian, and treasurer, for the year 1888, were read and filed. During the year 43 donations had been made to the museum, and 99 to the library. S. S. Rathvon then read an interesting paper on the capture recently within the county limits of a specimen of the *Lynx Canadensis*, which is a very rare occurrence. Mr. John K. Small

read a list of the recent additions to and corrections in the nomenclature of the county flora. S. M. Sener read a highly interesting article on an old Indian deed from the sachems of the Six Nations to Thomas and Richard Penn, executed November 5, 1768, and recorded at Lancaster, in the recorder's office, in Record Book 26, pp. 68-72. This deed is for the sale to the Penns of all the land in the province not included in the grants of August 2, 1749, and October 23, 1758. The local interest in the deed consists in the release by the sachems of 500 acres located in Connestoego Manor, in Lancaster county, and the subsequent release for the same tract by the descendants of Sohoes, on May 20, 1775, to John Penn, proprietor. The two deeds are signed by nine sachems, who made totems as their signatures. The descendants of Sohoes were the survivors of the Indians who had been massacred by the Paxton boys in the old jail at Lancaster. The following officers were elected: president, J. P. Wickersham, LL.D.; vice-presidents, J. S. Stahr, Ph.D., and C. A. Heinitsh; recording secretary, S. M. Sener; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. Eby; treasurer, S. S. Rathvon, Ph.D.; librarian, Mrs. L. D. Zell.

THE MINISINK VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY is a new institution, having only just received its name on the seventh of the present month. The officers will be elected at a meeting to be held Feb. 22. An interesting paper was read Feb. 7, by Dr. W. L. Cuddeback, on the "Old Highways in Deer Park." The paper for Feb. 22 will be read by J. M. Allerton on the "Lakes in the Town of Deer Park."

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

Mr. Gladstone says the England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations in the world. But he does not think there is any danger that America will ever grow into a reflection or repetition of England. The relationship between the two is unique in history. There is no parallel in all the records of the world to the case of that prolific British mother, who has sent forth her innumerable children to be the founders of half a dozen empires. "Among these children there is one whose place in the world's eye and in history is superlative; it is the American Republic. She is the eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her land into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural lease for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. The development which the Republic has effected has been unexampled in its rapidity and force." Mr. Gladstone goes on further to state in round numbers the annual income of England, which has been reached at a surprising rate of progress, and adds: "But while we have been advancing with this portentous rapidity, America is passing us by as if in a canter."

It seems to be gradually dawning upon the American mind that the coming celebration of Washington's inauguration in 1789, in New York city, on the 30th of April next, is not a local affair. New York does not often put her shoulder to the wheel in the matter of a celebration of any sort, but the greatest national event on record occurred within her water boundaries, and having become alive to its importance, and with becoming self-respect and enthusiasm, she has undertaken to lead in its commemoration on a scale of great magnitude, and in a manner befitting an occasion so sublime and impressive. England as well as all the other powers of the earth are watching these preparations with an interest that is only equaled by profound admiration. If the New York committees are judicious in all their movements, and the stupendous structure is strong in all its parts, this centennial of the birth of the American Republic will be the grandest celebration in human history.

One of the great prospective benefits to the country of this coming centennial of the beginning of government, is its educating properties. It would astonish even New York herself to learn that not one out of every twenty-five of her inhabitants of the present generation was aware until the recent outbreak of enthusiastic preparation, that New York was the first capital of the nation. What sort of instruction has been going on in our schools may be partly surmised from the singular fact that even so celebrated an author and scholar as the Yale professor, who has won world-wide distinction through his *Outlines of Universal History*, states therein, in black and white, that the seat of government of the United States was first at Philadelphia and then in Washington. Intelligent and educated ladies and gentlemen have, within the last six months, given forcible expression to their surprise on learning that the first president of the United States was inaugurated in New York! History and geography will both be better known and understood in the years to come.

History is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. History teaches us that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. The address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we learn to hate what is base. In the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are tuned into a higher and nobler key. History when it concerns our own country is the more bright and attractive from the facility with which we can touch the particular links that connect us with the charmed past.

Some one has recently remarked that "the growth of the great author depends upon the existence of many common authors. He is the fruit of the literary movement of his age." Complaints are made that the constant reprints from English writers have deluged the country with English books and with foreign ideas. It is said that America is not sufficiently American; that its authors should deal more with the sentiments, thoughts, and purposes which maintain the American character. But are the people blameless? Should they not love their own land sufficiently to assist in the development of the sense of nationality? We are reminded just here of William Ellery Channing's comments on the need of an original literature. He says: "We rejoice in the increasing intellectual connection between this country and the old world. But the more we receive from other countries, the greater the need of an original literature. A people into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually, needs an energy within itself to resist, to modify this mighty influence. The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its mind, its mode of thinking, its tastes, its principles; and we cannot consent to lodge this sovereignty in the hands of strangers. We need a literature to counteract, and to use wisely the literature which we import. We are more and more a reading people. Books are already among the most powerful influences here. Shall America be only an echo of what is thought and written under the aristocracies beyond the ocean?"

The following incident, from an authentic source, is worthy of being traced in letters of gold. During the war a beautiful and spirited Virginia belle, whose brother—a Confederate soldier—had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure for the lady an audience with the President, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very prudent and not let a word escape her which would betray her Southern sympathies. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and their object and wishes stated. The tall, grave President bent down to the petite maiden, and, looking searchingly into her face, said: "You are loyal, of course?" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied, "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. Once outside, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in reproachful words. "Now, you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame." The young lady made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

"Pass Miss —; she is an honest girl and can be trusted.

A. LINCOLN."

BOOK NOTICES

HISTORY OF DELAWARE, 1609-1888.

By J. THOMAS SCHARF, A.M., LL.D. In 2 volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 1346. Philadelphia: L. J. Richards & Co. 1888.

These two superb and handsomely printed volumes embrace a vast amount of valuable information. They form the most thorough and satisfactory work yet achieved by Dr. Scharf. Delaware hitherto has probably had fewer collated and connected records of her early days than any of the states. The Swedish and Dutch settlers in early times carried away or destroyed the greater part of their chronicles, and the succeeding English kept their records very much in connection with those of the neighboring colonies. Delaware did not approach a condition of embryo statehood until she reached legislative semi-independence in 1704. But intelligent research and patient determination on the part of the author have produced a tolerably connected narrative of the events of her colonial epoch. The local-description of the political and geographical divisions of the state is very complete. Local writers have apparently been permitted to tell their own stories, thus swelling the dimensions of the work to a considerable extent, none the less valuable, however, to future historians. The work contains nearly three hundred illustrations, some of which are of priceless value, and the mechanical execution of every feature of the letter-press and engravings is to be commended. "Delaware under William Penn" forms a very unique chapter. The manners and customs of the early inhabitants are also pleasant reading, and we find some curious pictures of "Early costumes and head-dresses," from 1776 to 1876. "Delaware during the Revolution" is, however, the most interesting portion of the volume, and it gives us in full many hitherto half-known facts about Delaware's leading families. The portrait of Colonel John Read, the father of George Read, the signer, is one of the finest in the first volume. He was the ancestor of the Delaware branch of the Read family in this country, a wealthy and public-spirited Southern planter, the fifth in descent from Thomas Read, lord of the manors of Barton Court and Beeton in England. Charles Reade, the novelist, says: "In the civil wars of the seventeenth century the family declared for the crown, and its then chief, Sir Compton Read, was, for his services, one of the first baronets created by Charles II. after the Restoration. A younger son of the family went over to Ireland during the same troubles," and Colonel John Read of the portrait was his son. Other portraits of the Read family, including the sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons of the above, with the pictures of their handsome old homes,

still in existence, add greatly to the interest. Portraits of Caesar Rodney, Thomas McKean, John Dickinson, and other important characters also appear. From the Revolution to the war of 1812-15, the chapter is very full, and we are here brought into an acquaintance with the Bayards. The civil war has elaborate treatment, and one of the finest portraits in this connection is that of Rear Admiral Du Pont, fifty years of whose life was dedicated to honor and usefulness in the United States navy. Internal improvements, education, the newspaper press, the medical profession, and the bench and the bar, are in turn reviewed. The second volume is devoted chiefly to the history of the counties and towns, and general industries.

THE CHAD BROWN MEMORIAL, consisting of GENEALOGICAL MEMOIRS of a portion of the descendants of Chad and Elizabeth Brown, with an appendix containing sketches of other early Rhode Island settlers, 1638-1888. Compiled by a descendant. 8vo, pp. 173. Limited edition. Printed for the family. Brooklyn. N. Y.

The grandsons of John Brown, the oldest son of Chad Brown, founded Brown University, at first called the College of Rhode Island. On the 14th of May, 1770, the corner-stone of University Hall was laid, the first, and for many years the only building of this institution. The Brown family seem to have had an exceptionally good record. John Carter Brown was one of its enlightened members, whose collection of rare and costly books, from a great diversity of sources, has been widely known. He graduated from Brown University in the class of 1816, and spent much of his early life in travel. The author of this work says: "His tastes were simple, and his spirit that of genuine modesty without self-seeking or arrogance. Though possessed of firm convictions, he was always tolerant of dissent on the part of others." The work is not strictly genealogical in its character; there are biographical and historical paragraphs to be found on nearly every page. The author says: "It is believed that few similar works contain an equal number of names illustrious for the service their possessors rendered to the times in which they lived, and for the provision they made with reference to the welfare of future generations." The work has been well and faithfully compiled, and is an important contribution to American history.

NEW AMSTERDAM, NEW ORANGE, NEW YORK. With chronological data. By

CHARLES W. DARLING. 8vo pamphlet, pp. 43. Privately printed. 1889.

The historical notes in this little brochure refer mainly to the germ of the city of New York when its name was New Amsterdam, and its buildings chiefly trading and fishing huts. The data have been gathered from several published works, and are uneven in value. The chronological data are excellent. The frontispiece embraces the exquisite reproductions of the miniature portraits of George and Martha Washington, by Robertson, which appeared in this magazine in April last.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1607-1885. By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON. Complete in two volumes. Vol. II., American Poetry and Fiction. 8vo, pp. 456. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

We are glad to welcome the second volume of Professor Richardson's able study of American literature, and find the promises made in his first volume abundantly realized. His task has been most difficult and delicate, "that of estimating the rank and analyzing the achievements of American authors," and his mode of treatment has evidently been governed partly by his sympathies. He possesses the art of brightening dull passages, and his style is always clear, forcible, and interesting. His method of criticism, however, is variable. He opens with a description of early verse-making in America, which forms one of his very best chapters. He says: "Toward the close of the eighteenth century the storm-center of American poetry seemed to move southward, hovering, for a time, over Yale college and Connecticut." He describes Timothy Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan*, a Poem in Eleven Books, and says: "Dr. Dwight's trig little epic, in its strong leather covers, was found in many a meager book-case in the early days of the republic. If its qualities are those of industry and occasional stiff merit rather than genius, and if it is no longer read, can we say anything better of the verse of the great Doctor Johnson himself? This poem and Dr. Dwight's historico-didactic pastoral called *Greenfield Hill*, showed that Americans were feebly gaining a little in metrical skill, though originality seemed as far off as ever. Dr. Dwight, who was as modest as he was learned, fairly measured the success and the failure of himself and his fellows by the frank motto from Pope on the title-page of *The Conquest of Canaan*:

"Fired, at first sight, with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts."

The chief poets of our day occupy the larger space, and Professor Richardson's critical estimate of their skill in production seems to be very

nearly that fixed by public opinion. He is gentle in his criticisms as a rule, and it is always obvious that he aims to be just. The work is charmingly readable, and so suggestive and instructive that it will be prized as it deserves.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE

CALEB WALLACE. [Filson Club Publications, Number 4.] By WILLIAM H. WHITSITT. Square 8vo, pp. 151. Louisville: John P. Morton and Company. 1888.

The Filson Club, composed of prominent citizens of Kentucky who are interested in the preservation of the early history and pioneer traditions of their state, has already through the excellence of its work taken high rank among institutions of the kind in this country. It was organized in Louisville about four years ago. Its first publication was appropriately a sketch of the life and writings of John Filson, from whom the club was named, prepared by the first president of the club, the eminent scholar, Reuben T. Durrett. The work before us is an exhaustive sketch of one of the judges of the Kentucky court of appeals, Hon. Caleb Wallace, who was prominently connected with many of the important events of the pioneer period of Kentucky's history. The author shows him to have been an important factor in religious movements, and a power in the establishment of colleges and schools in the state. Judge Wallace was descended from the clan of Wallace in Scotland. His ancestor in this country, Peter Wallace, was one of the earlier settlers of what was called "the back parts of Virginia." The subject of this work was born in 1742, and when twenty-five years old sought for a learned education, and was prepared for college at the school in Elizabethtown of which Rev. James Caldwell was the principal. In the college of New Jersey to which he was subsequently admitted he was the pupil of Rev. Dr. Witherspoon. He entered the ministry prior to the Revolution, in which he continued for twelve years. His career is traced by Mr. Whitsitt with detail and precision. As a jurist and civilian, Judge Wallace proved one of the most able and useful men in the state of Kentucky. The genealogical notices in the work are exceedingly timely and valuable. The author has evidently had access to the best authorities, and every page of the volume reveals the most careful and painstaking research. It is printed in a sumptuous manner on elegant paper.

ANNALS OF THE VAN RENSSELAERS

in the United States, specially as they relate to the family of Killian K. Van Rensselaer. By Rev. MAUNSELL VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.,

LL.D. 8vo, pp. 240. Albany: Charles Van Benthuysen & Sons. 1888.

The branch of the Van Rensselaer family, of which this volume treats, has never before been so well and carefully traced. The history of the settlement of Rensselaerswyck, and the original founder of the estate, naturally falls into its pages, and sketches of the various members of the family in this country are introduced as generation after generation are passed in review. Killian K. Van Rensselaer, whose particular family and descendants form the greater part of the volume, was a member of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth congresses. He was born in the old family mansion at Greenbush in 1763, and entered Yale College under the presidency of Dr. Ezra Stiles, during the war of the Revolution. The death of his father prevented his returning to college after his junior year, and General Philip Schuyler, whose wife was the young collegian's own cousin, made him his private secretary. His career was one of peculiar interest, and the biographical and historical setting which is given to it by the scholarly author renders the work one of general historic importance. It is a model book of its kind.

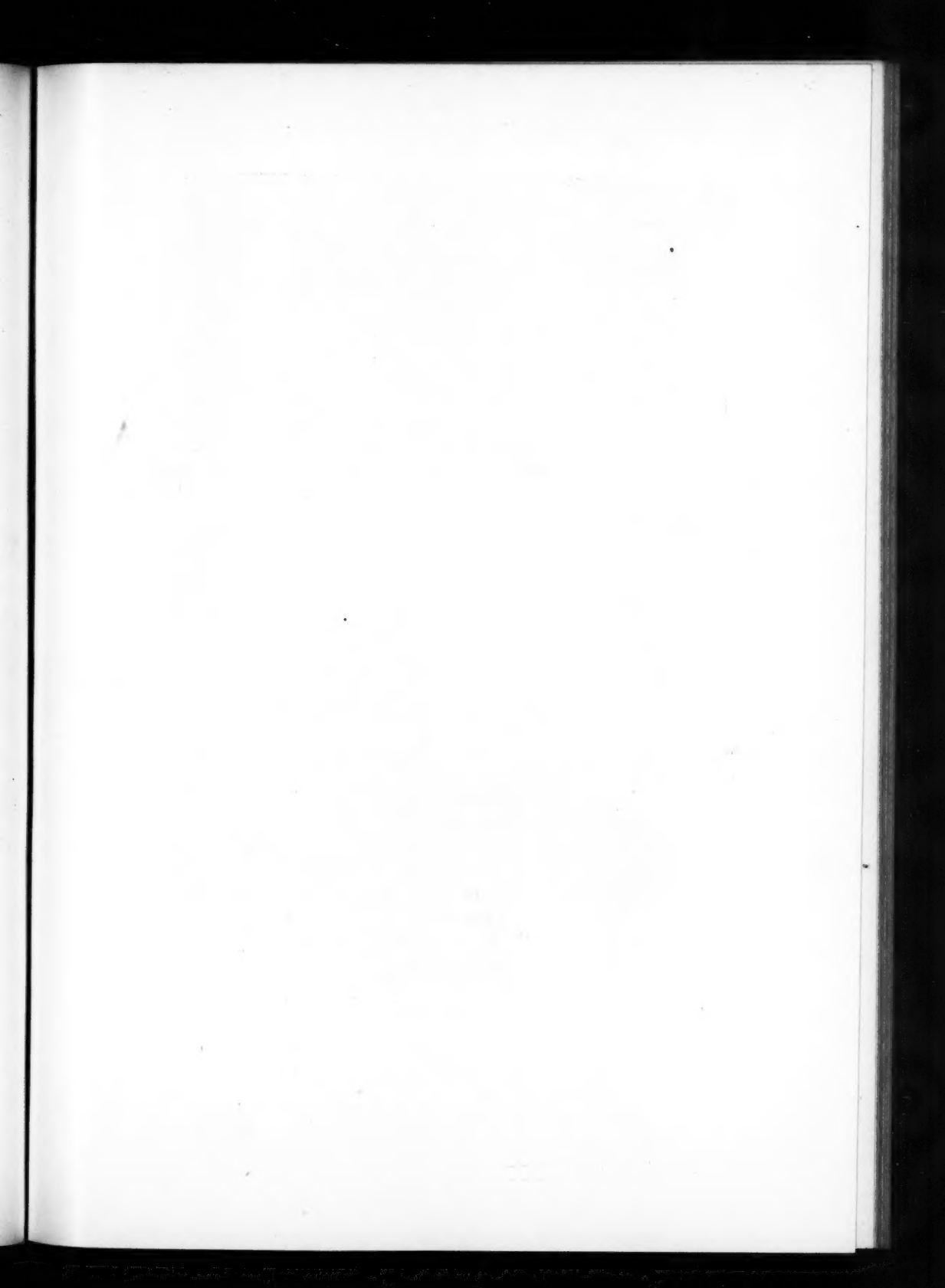
SOME RECORDS OF THE DYER FAMILY. Compiled by CORNELIA C. JOY-DYER. 12mo, pp. 130. Printed for private circulation. New York: Thomas Whitaker.

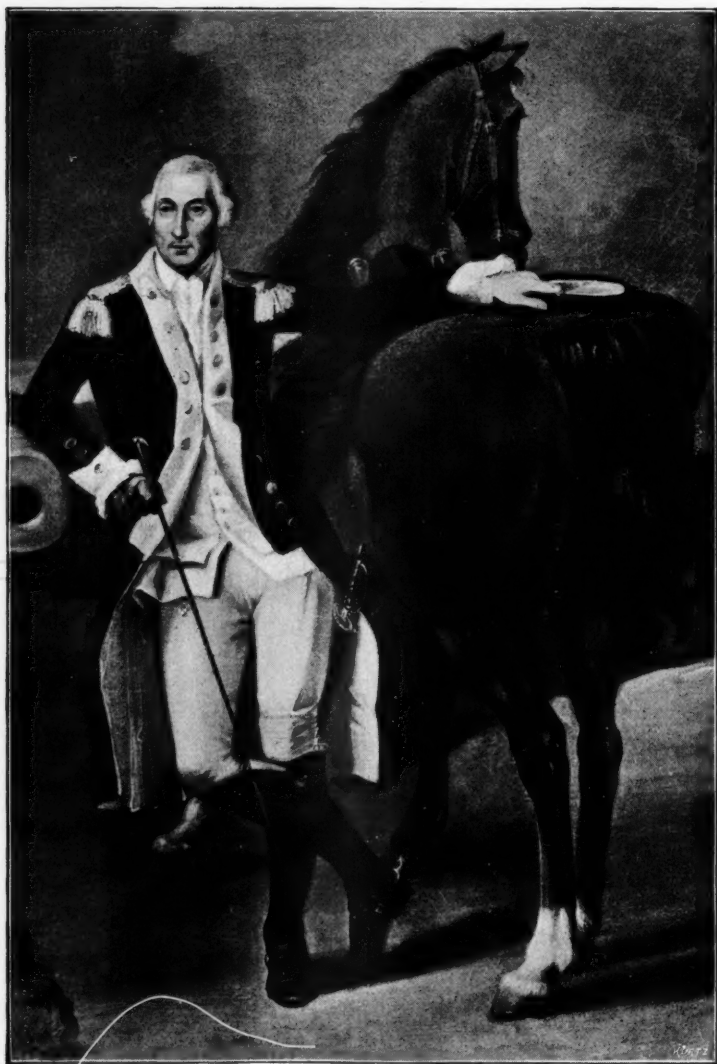
The fresh interest awakened of late in genealogical studies has produced many informing and valuable genealogical publications. Among these the little work before us deals chiefly with the family of William and Mary Dyer and their descendants. Mary Dyer will be remembered in connection with the persecution of the Quakers in Massachusetts where, in 1659, at the time of that wild fanaticism on the part of "the heretics," as they were called, and the frenzied bigotry of the Puritans, she was publicly executed in Boston. Biographical sketches are given by the author of many eminent members of the Dyer family, such as Hon. Elisha Dyer, ex-Governor of Rhode Island, Dr. Charles Volney Dyer, of Chicago, and Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., of New York city.

CHILDREN'S STORIES OF THE GREAT SCIENTISTS. By HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN

WRIGHT. With portraits. 12mo, pp. 350. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

This work opens with the story of "Galileo and the Wonders of the Telescope, 1564-1642," and the boy who has any inventive faculties will read every line of it with intense interest. The portrait of Sir Isaac Newton and the account of his discovery follow; but Dr. Franklin's experiments with electricity will take precedence in almost every child-mind. We wish the chapter had been longer, and the details of Dr. Franklin's remarkable studies and experiences given with more fullness. The fifth chapter is entitled "Charles Linnæus and the Story of the Flowers, 1707-1778." These researches were first undertaken as an aid to the study of medicine. All the Linné family were passionately fond of botany, taking their name even from the great linden-tree which towered far above the houses in their native village. "Charles, or Carl, as he was called, studied the secrets of bud and leaf and perfect flower with such eagerness that, before he was eight years old, all the four hundred different plants in his father's collection were perfectly familiar to him, and he could understand the interesting talks about their nature and properties; and the father took care that the knowledge thus gained should be of the most accurate and practical character. Charles had memory exercises given him in which he was required to describe the compositions and properties of certain plants, and this careful training of eye and ear was no doubt the foundation of that wonderful power of observation for which he was so celebrated later on." "William Herschell and the Story of the Stars" forms an excellent chapter, and there are few of our growing youth who will not read with interest and exceeding great profit Chapter IX, on "Humboldt and Nature in the New World." Then, again, the records of civilized nations can hardly point to a time when man had not yet learned to tame and bend to his will the beasts which seemed only created for his use. Thus a fascination hangs about "Louis Agassiz and the Story of the Animal Kingdom, 1807-1874." We are here told how the songs of birds, their twitterings, scoldings, changes of position, habits, and instincts attracted the boy-naturalist when a child, and we learn that his life as a man was one of ceaseless activity. Miss Wright writes in a graphic, animated style, and every page is pleasantly readable.





George Washington

[From the original painting in possession of General J. Watts de Peyster.]

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WASHINGTON AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

THE nearer we approach our great national jubilee, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the American republic, the nearer Washington and his contemporaries come to our homes, our firesides, and our hearts. There never was a time in our country's history when the principal actors in the scenes of 1789 occupied so conspicuous a place in the public mind as to-day, or when their lineage, attainments, experiences, and general characteristics were studied with such genuine enthusiasm and satisfactory results. Washington has become much more to us under the new light than the hero of our victories—in war and in peace—he is a familiar personal friend and benefactor. His name is upon every lip, his deeds are recited over and over again in every periodical, and his career furnishes a theme for orators on millions of platforms. His spoken words, his written letters, and his varied movements are all invested with a new significance. He seems almost to be approaching New York in the flesh to retake the oath which has echoed through a century.

Of those remarkable statesmen who marked his coming in April, 1789, Senator John Langdon held the most interesting position. Chosen president of the senate while yet there was neither President nor Vice-President qualified for duty, he was really the first acting President of the United States. When the votes were counted by the new body of legislators, he wrote the official letter conveying the inauguration to Washington of his election, and Charles Thompson delivered it in person to the President-elect at Mount Vernon. The letter was as follows:

New York, April 6, 1789

I have the honor to transmit to your Excellency the information of your unanimous election to the office of President of the United States of America. Suffer me, sir, to indulge the hope that so auspicious a mark of public confidence will meet with your approbation, and be considered as a pledge of the attention and support you are to expect from a free and enlightened people.

I am, Sir, with sentiments of Respect, Your Obedient servant

General Washington Mount Vernon

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